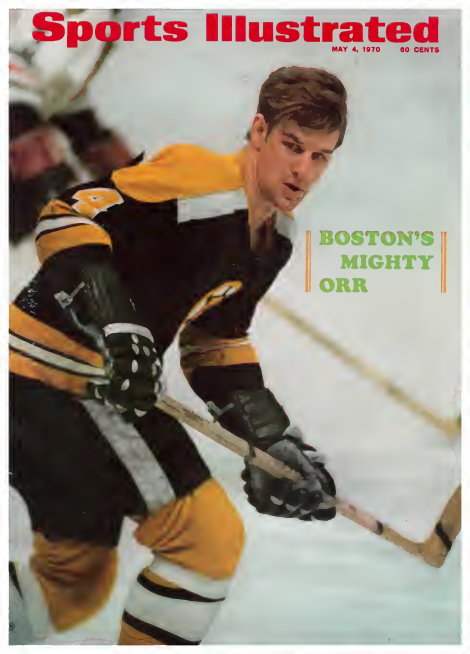


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MAY 4, 1970

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Cover photograph by Neil Leifer

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## Next week

**THE DERBY REPORT** by Whitney Tower brings all the color of the annual festival as well as an insider's analysis of why a certain 3-year-old colt was ready to run on May 2.

**SUPER HIPPIE**, in real life mild-mannered David Smith, parachutes, swims, scuba dives, runs and staid bikes in the first Peace Penathlon. Robert Jones grooves on the scene.

**GUN MERCHANT** Sam Cummings, whose weapons have brought down everything from geophers to banana republics, tells writer Edwin Shreke how it goes in the armaments game.

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Then drove it non-stop from  
New York to Philadelphia.**



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Lee is wearing his new Lee Trevino shirt.

## BOOKTALK

If you must be mediocre at tennis, at least be a mediocre player who wins

Some men can endure almost anything—crabgrass, an inconstant spouse, a life of quiet desperation—but the fact that they will never be really good tennis players is unthinkable and lies in their subconscious like an undigested lump. But the sad truth, let's begin to face it, is that most of us are not going to become really good tennis players. At best, our game is a patchwork of bits and scraps from books by Don Budge or Bill Talbert, held together by some subliminal body English picked up while watching our betters on the center court. At worst, it can come embarrassingly unraveled without warning on any given Sunday afternoon.

But now let us rejoice and join with Dr. Simon Ramo who contends in his book *Extraordinary Tennis for the Ordinary Player* (Crown, \$4.95) that as long as you're going to be an ordinary player you might as well own up to it and start concentrating on how to be an ordinary player who wins.

Dr. Ramo himself is extraordinary at a number of things, but by his own admission, he is an ordinary—indeed, even mediocre—tennis player.

As a scientist, Dr. Ramo knows how to get right to the heart of the matter by defining his terms. First, he says, there are two distinct games of tennis—the pro game and the ordinary, or mediocre, game. If you are an ordinary player, and it's just possible that you are, then it's ridiculous to try to play pro tennis with all that silliness about rushing the net, smashing the first serve, and playing low volleys at midcourt. Mediocre tennis calls for another strategy entirely, including the careful study and exploitation of the weaknesses of other mediocre players.

Since everybody has been concentrating on the pro game all these years, Dr. Ramo has had to invent some new terms to describe the techniques of mediocre tennis. There's the "micro-cannonball" serve, for example, which is useful not because it's particularly fast but because it tends to land in the box more often and has a high spin and a low bounce which your ordinary opponent will tend to hit into the net.

Explanations of the finer points are enhanced by Dr. Ramo's own droll drawings illustrating mediocre play in doubles matches between such mediocre teams as Mercedes and Neiman vs. Marcus and Benr, or Funk and Mozart vs. Perrod and Wagnalls. Incidentally, according to Ramo, doubles is the only game for the mediocre player.

Of course it may be that you are not a mediocre player and that none of this will interest you. But if you happen to be in a bookstore maybe the name of a good, or rather mediocre, friend may come to mind.

—MARSHALL LUMSDEN

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# SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

## TRANSIT GLORIA

For the past 33 years the McKenzie River White Water Parade (SI, March 24, 1969) has been Oregon's traditional greeting to spring, a time to get in a bit of fun before the opening of the trout season, after which the river guides, who originated the event, would be too busy. Twenty or so of them would station their wives and children in their river boats and shoot the white-water rapids of the McKenzie. They knew how to handle the boats and they stayed sober.

Then, more and more each year, came the rowdies—types who make trouble their recipe for fun. They brought booze but no skill, rafts but no oars, recklessness but no life jackets. They crowded the course and littered the banks. This year two of them drowned. Others were rescued by disgusted, saddened guides. The fun was gone.

All during the past decade, as they watched inexperienced and irresponsible outsiders take over their event, members of the McKenzie River Guides' Association have predicted drownings and the end of the spring celebration. This year it came to pass.

"I'm embarrassed by things that go on in this parade now," said Keith Steele, a veteran of the river. "I'll be damned if I'll ever have anything to do with another one."

## UMPS STRIKE OUT

For the 100 years or so that baseball has been around, players and fans have been convinced on occasion that umpires are as blind as baseball bats.

Well, some of them come close. A Seattle optometrist, Dr. Wayne Martin, who has been testing athletes' eyes for 20 years, now has made a survey of officials operating in the Puget Sound area. Out of 13 tested, four had from 6 to 81% loss of clear vision that had not been corrected. That is almost 33% with sight difficulties.

On the other hand, athletes do not get an entirely clean bill of visual health. At

the University of Washington and Seattle University 23% of 809 athletes flunked their sight tests. Of 135 Boston Red Sox farm-system players he tested in 1964, about 21% could not see properly.

"Many coaches and trainers unknowingly have top athletes sitting on the sideline because of poor vision," Dr. Martin said. This is a double loss, for many athletes have gone on to win honors after their vision was corrected. There is the case of Eddie Miles, who had trouble reading the clock while playing basketball for Seattle U. Fitted with contact lenses, Miles went on to professional play with the NBA.

## WATTS NEW IN SWIMMING?

It has been calculated that the use of a starting gun for swimming meets costs the swimmer farthest from the gun a matter of 4½ inches per standard pool length over his opponent nearest the gun. It's because the speed of sound is not all that fast.

But in the Britain-Russia meet last week, and in the subsequent Commonwealth Games in Edinburgh, a new system seems to be aborning. The starter presses a button, whereupon each of the competitors is stimulated by an electrical vibration transmitted through his feet. Simultaneously, in case he is insensitive to a few volts, the swimmer hears a loud beep.

## POPULATION EXPLOSION

Herewith a few cheery words for those who would like wild turkey on their Thanksgiving and Christmas menus. The big bird has come back from scarcity to plenty—and keeps coming.

The wild turkey census in 1952 counted 97,000 of the species. In 1968 it was 531,000. This spring may see a figure of 1,250,000 posted. Illinois is holding its first turkey season in some 70 years. A total of 35 states will offer spring and fall hunting this year, and the day will come, some turkey experts say, when there will be wild

gobblers in all of the lower 48 states.

Hunted incessantly since the Pilgrims sat down to their first Thanksgiving dinner, the turkey has become the warren of game birds. In Wisconsin two seasons ago, a total of 1,100 hunters killed only 18 birds. Fewer than 10% of the hunters used calls but those who did killed 85% of the turkeys taken.

## BAD BET

Daniel P. Bertoli, a 52-year-old Chicagoan, did a little spring cleaning the other day and threw several hundred pieces of paper out of the window of his North Side apartment. Trouble was, the papers were horse-racing betting slips and police arrested him—for taking bets and for polluting the city's air.

## THE LANGUAGE BARRIER

Fencing is a sport at more than a few urban universities, especially in the East, but the word has quite a different meaning at some of the cow colleges of the West.

An Eastern athletics official recently asked New Mexico State University for its fencing schedule. The Aggies—who have made a sport out of almost every other form of ranch drudgery—decided to dream one up in this category. Stu-



dent Dave Lopez is working on it, a series of meets to culminate in something called the "Northern Corral Festival." If the Aggies had a fencing coach, Dave thinks, he would be nicknamed "Old Spice" and a promising sophomore would be known as "Chickenwire." Key

Freeman





# Adrift at sea, Tom "Woody" Wood had no motor, no oars, no flare —except his Zippo® lighter.

Woody was testing an outboard motor in choppy waters off the Florida Keys.

"The motor suddenly tore loose from the transom," he said, "then hung lifeless beneath the boat."

When he didn't return that

night, Woody's wife called the U.S. Coast Guard.

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## SCORECARD *continued*

plays would include the "Overhand Double Stitch" and the "Sidewinder Half-Knot."

It is conceivable that fencing contests could become part of the collegiate rodeo program as a kind of student string-along. If so, we'll keep you posted.

## RING THERAPY

The all too prevalent notion that boxing is a brutalizing sport is now being countered by psychiatric studies and treatment under way at the University of Michigan Medical Center. A 50-minute film, *Boxing in the Treatment Program of Emotionally Disturbed Adolescent Boys*, shows quite clearly that boxing has been unusually effective in the treatment of boys with problems of aggression—either those who had been brought up to be too unaggressive or those who had difficulty controlling fits of temper.

The Adolescent Service of the university provides, among other activities, a 10- to 12-week boxing program of four 90-minute sessions a week. In charge of the boxing is Recreational Therapist Arden G. Kersey, who regards it as "an exercise in learning to express and control aggressive impulses."

"Any expression of anger or 'fighting' is seen as evidence that one or more boys has failed in his task of disciplining himself," a summary of the study reports, "and the incident is accordingly dealt with immediately." Which is what every professional fighter of competence knows—that he must never lose his temper in the ring, just as he must not accept punishment passively.

As for practical results of the boxing program, the film reports "marked improvement" in three boys—one of them an uncoordinated, passive schizophrenic, and two others who had been unable to control explosive impulses.

## SHOE ON ANOTHER FOOT

Under a ruling by the IAAF, track and field athletes were to have been required to wear all-white shoes starting May 1. Now the effective date has been set back to October 1, pending a review of the situation at the IAAF conference to be held in Stockholm late this summer.

The white-shoe rule was, of course, intended to reduce the commercializing (and professionalizing) effects of the sales war among such shoe manufacturers as Adidas, Puma and others who

*continued*



# It's an Old Forester kind of day.

And in the past 100 years there's been a lot of them.

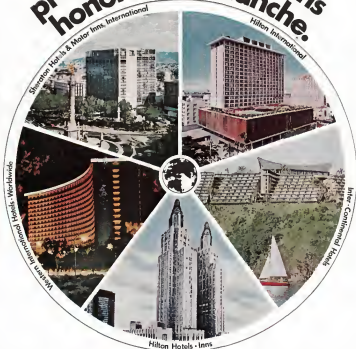
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have been manufacturing their products with distinctive, instantly recognizable colored stripes. Top athletes have been persuaded, one way or another, to accept gifts of such shoes and perhaps lots of cash, too (SI, March 10, 1969).

Reason for the postponement to October is that the shoe people have cried hardship in that they have vast quantities of striped shoes in their stockpiles and need time to get rid of them.

But, whatever happens in October, Adidas and Puma are on top of the situation. They have come up with a formula that could make even the all-white shoe almost as distinctive a brand indicator as the striped variety. The idea is to produce shoes with strips of white suede over the smooth white leather. The suede would collect dust and stand out quite as nicely as the colored stripes.

#### WHO'S COUNTING?

A score or more years ago newspapers seldom bothered to list baseball attendance figures in the box scores. Now it is common practice. San Francisco newspapers even run daily comparisons, this year versus last year.

It has been a National League embarrassment that the American League has calculated its attendance figures rather more loosely than the National. For one thing, American teams count tickets sold even though they are not used (SI, Sept. 8, 1969). Obviously, many season-ticket holders do not attend every game. The National practice has been to count only those tickets actually turned in at the park, which is a truer indicator of interest in a particular game. In the San Francisco area it was particularly annoying (to the Giants, that is) when the Oakland Athletics announced their season attendance as a few hundred more than the Giants'. According to the Giants, actual attendance, in terms of tickets sold and used, was 100,000 in their favor. Indeed, some of them contend, Oakland Owner Charles O. Finley gave out 40,000 tickets free to local unions in 1968, then slyly included them in his attendance figures. In almost any National League park, Ladies' Days and service admissions could add 100,000 to a season's attendance.

Which is background to why the National League this season has made an unpublishing switch in its method of counting ticket buyers. Under the plan, anyone who enters for 50c--on Senior

*continued*

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TRETORN**



## SCORECARD

Citizens' or Ladies' Days, for instance—will be counted. In the past, a fan had to pay at least \$10 to become an official statistic in the attendance.

### THE EYES OF BOSTON ARE ON UHF

Ultra High Frequency television stations, which got into the game late, have had bumpy sledding against their Very High Frequency rivals, most of which were well established when the UHF stations came into being. And most of the VHF channels have network connections.

But Boston's WSBK-TV, Channel 38, has built a better mousetrap. It is rating a numbers-game crest by telecasting both home and away playoff games of the Boston Bruins. For instance, for the second playoff game with the Black Hawks, played in Chicago, Channel 38 got a 32 ARB rating, considered whopping, and 56% of the total Boston area audience. Station Manager Bill Flynn estimated that the station "reached 700,000 TV sets and more than 1,250,000 viewers."

Let's see an old movie or a rerun match that.

### CHANGING OF THE GUARD

It happened in a Southwest Conference baseball game. The names of the players have been changed to protect one from further embarrassment.

In a game against Texas Christian, Texas Tech Coach Kal Segrest sent in an overeager youngster to pinch-hit.

"Jones hunting for Smith," the batter reported to the plate umpire.

### THEY SAID IT

• Harry Sinden, Boston Bruins coach, asked what would happen if the Ringling Bros. circus took over Boston Garden May 12, possible final date of the Stanley Cup playoffs: "I guess I'd dress one of the gorillas."

• Bob Rossburg, pro golfer, discussing the Hazeltine National Golf Club course at Chaska, Minn. with its 10 dogleg holes: "Robert Trent Jones must have laid out the course in a kennel."

• Mrs. Clarence Howard, delegate from Missoula to 79th annual DAR convention, on Earth Day: "This environmental movement is one of the subversive element's last steps. They've gone after the military and the police and now they're going after our parks and playgrounds."

END

100's  
20 CIGARETTES

**PALL MALL**

FAMOUS CIGARETTES

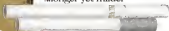


FILTER TIPPED

U.S. Government  
figures  
show  
PALL MALL GOLD 100's

**lower in  
'tar'  
than the  
best-selling  
filter king**

...longer yet milder



"Tar"  
PALL MALL GOLD 100's 16mg.  
Best-selling filter king 21mg.

# TEA PARTY FOR BOBBY'S BRUINS

So peaceable were the Chicago Black Hawks in their Stanley Cup encounter with Master Orr and his men that Boston gobbled them up—and even the Bruins got gold stars, sort of, for good behavior by GARY RONBERG

It has become a ritual. Before each period of a game Bobby Orr (*see cover*) sits down in the Boston Bruins' dressing room with two hockey sticks in his hands. For the next 10 minutes or so he repeatedly lifts the sticks and lets them fall, occasionally flicking an imaginary puck into a nonexistent net. Like the weighted bat in baseball, the second stick makes the first feel lighter during the game. Just before the bell rings to summon the Bruins onto the ice, Orr gets up and walks across the room to the spot where Ted Green, the team's leader when he got his skull fractured in a stick-swinging battle last fall, used to dress. Starting with the man sitting in Green's place, Orr moves through the room, tapping the pads of every Bruin with his sticks. "Bobby is the leader now," says Goalie Gerry Cheevers. "You watch him with the sticks and, well, let's just say it could be pretty embarrassing for the guy who wasn't ready to play."

Orr's emergence as the spiritual cement binding the Bruins together is one clue to an understanding of the mysterious Stanley Cup events of last week. But this only helps explain why the Bruins played so well as they humiliated the Chicago Black Hawks in four straight games, not why the Hawks stumbled so badly. Admittedly, Orr is the finest player in the game today. Does he also have hypnotic powers? In the past, respect for excellence never prevented opponents from breaking lances with a Rocket Richard or a Gordie Howe. Yet there

was Orr, gliding along as if shielded by an invisible barrier as the Hawks sleep-skated sheeplike in his wake. One of the most amazing moments of any cup series came in the third game when Orr skated behind the Chicago net with three Hawks chasing after him and then leisurely set up the easiest kind of goal.

These were the same Hawks, winged and taloned then, who made such an impressive rush through the last half of the regular season to win the East title, the team of Bobby Hull and Stan Mikita and the prize rookie goalie, Tony Esposito, the Hawks who disposed of Detroit in four straight in their cup opener. These were the Bruins who, despite Orr's presence, had blown the pennant in the season's last few games, a team that had terrible trouble on the road, a team previously vulnerable in goal.

Fans who might reasonably have expected Chicago to put up a stiff fight—or even win, considering its home-game advantage—had to adjust not only to the unexpected slaughter itself but also to the strangely delicate way in which Boston disposed of its victims. Remember when the Bruins "lived by the sword," in Coach Harry Sinden's apt words? In this series the Bruins discovered that they could daze the Hawks with their reputations and spook them with a few ugly growls. "People read that the Bruins are coming to town," said a man close to the team, "and they think we're going to rob all the banks and rape all their daughters."

Throughout the third game, the first in Boston, the Bruins' impudent Derek Sanderson directed a steady stream of chatter at Bobby Hull. "Bobby, you're a real gentleman," he would say. "Bobby, you're a credit to the game, you've done more for the game than anyone. Bobby, don't ever change." At one point in the second period Hull and Sanderson wound up nose to nose, scowling at each other at the Boston goalmouth, but that was as close as they came to taking the gloves off. "I wasn't sorry about that," Sanderson said later. "He could eat me up if he wanted to."

The Boston feast began in the first period of the first game in Chicago Stadium when Phil Esposito flipped a backhandler over the shoulder of his brother Tony. Boston went on to win 6-3, followed with another easy 4-1 victory on Tuesday night and then went home to the Boston Garden to wrap up the series, 5-2 on Thursday night and 5-4 Sunday afternoon. The anticipated duels between the two Bobbys, Orr and Hull, and the brothers Esposito were as one-sided as the series itself. Orr dominated the games as only he can these days, playing magnificently on defense, averaging 35 minutes on the ice. Meanwhile, Hull was unable to shake the close checking of Boston's Ed Westfall. He not only failed to score a goal but managed only

*continued*

Best from any angle, Orr bats at the puck. Below, Cheevers makes an evasive move.







eight shots on the net in the series.

Although Phil Esposito said he felt sorry for his brother—he spent several sollicitous hours with him after the first game, in which Tony had been felled briefly by a close-in shot that cracked into the side of his head—Phil showed no mercy on the ice. The Boston center's five goals in the four games, plus the six he scored in the preceding six-game series with New York, pulled him within one goal of Richard's 1944 record of 12 (in nine playoff games), which was tied in 10 games by Jean Beliveau in 1956. And, sadly, on Tuesday night many in the stadium crowd of 20,000 booed Tony as he left the ice. "Sometimes I just can't understand people," Phil said. "Here he puts them where they are, but when he happens to get scored on a few times they let him have it."

Unfortunately for Tony, the Black Hawk defense never seemed to get its bearings. First-year men Keith Magnuson and Paul Smyr had a particularly rough time and got little help from veterans Doug Jarrett, Bill White and Doug Mohs. At least Magnuson and rookie Wing Cliff Koroll earned some respect for grit. "Chicago only had a couple guys out there who were willing to mix it—the redhead and Koroll," said one Bruin. "Hell, everybody else was just standing around watching Bobby fly, like they were in awe or something."

Apart from the brilliance of Orr, perhaps the most significant thing about the Bruins was the cool, unhurried way in which they played. They have never performed better as a unit. Supporting players like Wayne Cashman, Fred Stanfield, Don Awrey, Dallas Smith and Cheevers complemented perfectly the heroes of Orr and Esposito.

"Actually, this has become a very easy team to play for," said John McKenzie. "There aren't any clichés, everybody's one of the gang."

Boston's assistant general manager, Tom Johnson, said the esprit de corps of the Bruins was something so special it reminded him of his days as a defenseman for the Montreal Canadian teams of the '50s. "We've tried to keep this club together, making a minimum

of personnel changes," he said. "It's starting to pay off now."

"I can remember exactly when we began to get this feeling of togetherness," said Stanfield. "It was three years ago in training camp. Phil and Kenny Hodge and I had just come over from Chicago in that trade, and there were a bunch of other guys like Sanderson and Don Awrey and Cash who were up for the first time. We were strangers; we started going everywhere together."

"Let's face it," said Goalie Ed Johnston, "we're just a bunch of kooks and degenerates who get along."

At one time the most powerful cement was applied by Ted Green. "Greenie is one tough sonovagun," Sanderson said. "In training camp that year Greenie said he was sick and tired of fighting alone, that he'd better start getting some help or all hell was going to break loose. Teddy has this way of staring at you—a long, cold, hard, deep stare. Well, before you knew it everybody on the team was a fighter."

When Green fell to the ice last September the Bruins were not prepared to believe what they saw. Green was the man who couldn't get hurt. The team was both shaken and leaderless. "We couldn't be ourselves," Orr said. "We could still see Teddy lying there. Then one day Greenie was well enough to come back to Boston for a press conference. We were getting ready to practice. Ted walked into the room and sat down right over there, where he used to dress. His head was shaved from the operation and everything, and he didn't say a word. He just sat down, undressed and started to put on his underwear—as if he were getting ready for practice. As the guys came in he'd look up and swear at them or give them a shot—just like the old Greenie, like nothing had happened. We were all right after that."

"With Greenie gone, there was no question about who had to be our leader," Sanderson said, "but Bobby wasn't too crazy about it. He's a great kid, but a modest kid. One night after a game in Chicago I sat next to him on the bus to the airport and told him, dammit, he had no choice. We needed him, and he had to, whether he liked it or not."

So—reluctantly, but oh, so beautifully—Bobby Orr took charge of the Bruins and the several risks of the NHL. "Orr," says King Clancy, Toronto's vice-president, "is the best player his age I've ever

seen." Bobby is 22, Clancy is 67, which means he has seen them all.

Against the Black Hawks, Orr speeded up and slowed down the action as it suited him. "Like Gordie, Bobby has learned how to control a game," Harry Sinden said. "Before, if we were ahead 4-1 he'd be out to make it 6-1. Now he's learned to protect a lead."

It is getting a little difficult to select a single play by Orr as "best" in a series. Perhaps the most adroit occurred Tuesday night, with five minutes gone in the first period. In an end-to-end dash Bobby eluded one, two, finally three Black Hawks and, after a perfect give-and-go with Stanfield at the Chicago blue line, motored in on Tony Esposito, who was doomed and knew it.

In desperation, Chicago Coach Billy Reay switched Bobby Hull from left wing to center, partly to get him away from Ed Westfall's octopus attentions and partly to give the Hawks more muscle down the middle. It didn't work. Bobby managed only his second and third shots in two games, while his teammates fired on Cheevers from long range or in frustration dumped the puck into the Boston end. With Orr on the ice, the latter approach is an exercise in futility. "Whenever you do that," Reay conceded, "you can just kiss the puck goodbye. That's just another part of the game Orr has spoiled for everybody."

Reay yearned for his team to go ahead once, just once, to see what effect it might have on Boston. Thursday night he got his wish. The Bruins spotted Chicago 1-0 and 2-1 leads in the first period, only to come back with three quick goals in the second period—their best of the series—to win easily. Hull, back on left wing, got but one shot on goal.

It was only in Sunday's finale that the Hawks showed a talent for anything more than nonviolence, and this made for an exciting game. The score was 3-3 in the second period when Cliff Koroll accidentally cut Boston's Rick Smith with his stick, drawing an automatic five-minute penalty. Less than a minute later Bobby Hull followed him off for tripping. Chicago not only killed these penalties but went ahead 4-3 in the third period, and even after Ken Hodge pulled Boston abreast, the Hawks seemed headed for whatever solace overtime might offer. Johnny McKenzie snuffed that faint flame by scoring for Boston with less than two minutes left. **END**

*It was brother against brother as Boston's Phil Esposito cashed in a breather as Goalie Tony Phil was the game's scoring star.*

## CUP SPLASHDOWN: 'VALIANT' AND 'FRANCE'



Stephens and Bob McCullough at launching

The most provocative new America's Cup boats for this year's racing were launched last week an ocean apart, and with them a tide of speculation that may not be resolved until September and the defense itself. For America it was *Valiant* (below), the most radical Twelve ever designed by the master, Olin Stephens; for France, *France* (right), a close copy of the U.S.-designed trail horse *Chancegger*. Stephens has conceived a beamy sloop slightly less than 64' in overall length, with a draft of 9' 6". Her keel is amazingly small for a Twelve, and the steer-

ing trim tab attached to the keel unusually large. She is a whopping 47' on the waterline and has novel V-shaped stern sections. Robert McCullough, 51, heads a syndicate of yachtsmen who have no great desire to relax Stephens', or America's, grip on the cup. To earn the defense *Valiant* must defeat *Intrepid*, Stephens' last winner, and Charles Morgan's new *Hevitige*. *France*, almost as line-keeled as *Valiant*, will meet Australia's *Greif* in August on the cup waters off Newport for the right to challenge.

—HUGH D. WHALL





*"France" approaches her baptism at Trévi-  
sur-Mer in Brittany. The pride of helmsman  
pao King Marcel Bich, she is the most lev-  
ishly financed cup challenger yet built for  
a man of determination who has had the  
most advanced technology at his disposal.*

*"Valiant" as viewed from above reveals a  
deep reverse transom and the beaminess  
Stephens sought. The deck is as clean as a  
bedroom floor; most of "Valiant's" running  
gear will lead below via pulleys, and the  
only sower up top will be the helmsman.*



# SPIKING'S THE PUNCH AT UCLA

*Volleyball was invented in 1895, but not until last week did the first college championship take place. UCLA, behind the 115 mph spikes of Kirk Kilgour, won the title, walloping Cal State Long Beach* **by JOE JARES**

**I**t seems UCLA is good at any indoor sport that calls for a round ball and a net and was invented in western Massachusetts. In March the Bruins won their fourth straight NCAA basketball championship at College Park, Md. Last weekend, in their own campus arena, they won the inaugural NCAA volleyball tournament. In the final match against Cal State Long Beach, they leaped at the net to spike the ball at speeds up to 115 mph, dived all over the court to "dig" opponents' smashes and won 15-7, 15-4, 15-8.

The tournament was a giant step forward for volleyball in its native country (a Holyoke, Mass. YMCA director dreamed it up in 1895, four years after basketball was born in nearby Springfield). Popular—practically beloved—in Czechoslovakia and Brazil, it has attracted thousands of participants in America but hardly any spectators. Often these who play it here play it incorrectly, "throwing" the ball instead of hitting it a sharp blow and generally reducing the game to a pity-pat activity slightly more firing than croquet.

The Japanese, who like it fast and furious, added volleyball to the 1964 Olympics in Tokyo; it stayed in at Mexico City in 1968 and it is now an Olympic fixture. This year it became the 17th NCAA championship sport, following trampoline, water polo and soccer, among others, and preceding lacrosse (scheduled for recognition in 1971).

UCLA and 28 other university-division schools have teams, and there are NAIA and college-division teams, too. Many more have volleyball on a club basis, which is how UCLA started 17 years ago.

In 1953 there was a busy volleyball court at the Delta Tau Delta house. Mike O'Hara, who became one of the country's best spikers, and five of his fraternity brothers got to thinking they were pretty good. They borrowed bas-

kettball jerseys from the athletic department, pooled their money, piled into a car and drove to Boys Town, Neb. for the U.S. Volleyball Association tournament. A more affluent member of another fraternity flew in to join them, so they had a substitute. They won the collegiate division.

In 1962 things had progressed: the team had a budget of \$100, enough to buy eight volleyballs. That was the year Al Seates took over as coach (moonlighting from his job as a Beverly Hills phys ed teacher). He helped start a volleyball league, served as its commissioner, wrote a book on the sport and made an instructional film. Today he actually can give a few grants-in-aid, but the uniforms still look suspiciously like basketball hand-me-downs.

Seates has coached 19 All-Americans, including three spikers who made Olympic teams—Ernie Suwara, Larry Rundle and Keith Erickson, who now starts for the Los Angeles Lakers. Erickson, says Seates, was one of the few athletes who "could walk out after basketball season ended and play volleyball as if he'd never missed a minute of practice."

There was another excellent basketball-volleyball player on campus this season: John Valley, renowned for his exploits in summer two-man tournaments at the beach, was a starting guard on two NCAA championship basketball teams. He was all set to come out for volleyball, and the team voted to let him do so, but he had hired an agent to negotiate a pro-basketball contract, which, according to NCAA rules, made him ineligible.

Still, it didn't seem as if the Bruins needed any more talent. They had a big hitter of Olympic caliber in Kirk Kilgour, Ed Becker was a superior blocker and almost as powerful a spiker as Kilgour. Dane Holtzman had done well in the Maccabiah Games and was considered a fine setter and back-court defensive man.

UCLA won the league title and lost only one match all year, to Cal State Long Beach in the Western regionals. For the first national tournament the NCAA committee decided to pick those two teams plus UC Santa Barbara, winner of last season's USVBA college division, and Ball State University of Muncie, Ind., champion of the 14-team Midwest Intercollegiate Volleyball Association. For the most part, the Cardinals are a collection of good athletes recruited out of freshman phys ed classes and taught the game from scratch by Coach Don Shondell. All are paying their way through school. They beat Ohio State in their regional tournament to improve their record to 10-0, but in California they were like a bunch of freshmen trying to beat Italians at bocce.

Ball Staters are from places like Erlanger, Ky. and Elkhart, Ind. There was no way they could beat guys from, say, Cal State Long Beach, out of Honolulu, Huntington Beach, Hermosa Beach, Seal Beach and, naturally, Long Beach itself. Kids who live by the California shore grow up with the sea breeze ruffling their sun-bleached hair and volleyballs bouncing off their hands. Setting, spiking and digging are more familiar terms to them than runs, hits and errors.

Some even have volleyball pedigrees. Holtzman, the tanned UCLA junior, has been playing since he was 4 years old. His mother Norma was a third-team All-American. His dad Bernie has been digging spikes out of the sand practically since the sport first moved west. Bernie put Dane in his first beach doubles tournament at age 11.

Not that volleyball is all they know. Dane recently started singing with a band at the Windjammer, on Sunset Strip, which is owned by an old teammate of his father's. UCLA's other setter, Ed Machado, who is as blond as California athletes are supposed to be, made the dean's list last quarter with a perfect 4.0 grade



Ed Machado (16) sets for Dana Holtzman (8) in final-round win over Cal State Long Beach.

average and has won UCLA's curling championship two straight years.

On Friday each team played the other in a round-robin to establish seeding. UCLA beat Santa Barbara and Ball State, and Long Beach did the same. They met in the final match of the day and the Bruins were extended before winning 15-12, 13-15, 15-2.

"We can't make that many mistakes and hope to beat UCLA," said Long Beach Coach Randy Sandefur. "We had

poor ball handling and we didn't serve tough. They did. There seem to be some drafts in here and that new ball floats and jumps."

UCLA also used its flying-circus offense with good effect. Normally, the man in the middle of the front line sets to one of the spikers on either side. Scates borrowed a more complicated attack from the quick, aggressive Japanese, in which the small man in the back row—Holtzman or Machado—runs up to the

front after the serve to be the setter. This frees three men to be potential spikers and confuses the blockers on the other side of the net. At the start of the season, it confused the Bruins, too.

"The most exciting offensive play in volleyball is a well-executed spike off a set placed only a foot or so above the net," says Scates. "This play was perfected by the Japanese to defeat the block of their taller opponents. It takes split-second timing between spiker and setter. The spiker is in the air before the setter touches the ball and should be at the top of his jump as the ball is clearing the tape."

In Saturday afternoon's games No. 1 UCLA disposed of No. 4 Santa Barbara (Ball State had upset the Gauchos Friday), and No. 2 Long Beach beat Ball State to set up the finals.

It was a match UCLA had prepared for. The Bruins came out for practice two months early and went through a rigorous conditioning program. Eddie Machado had spiked against a wall 15 minutes a day to improve his arm swing, since in Scates' system the setters have to hit, too. Others ran on the grass or up and down dormitory stairs.

The tournament was competing with UCLA's annual campus carnival, Mardi Gras, but 3,143 fans paid to see the finals. Not long ago Scates would have paid them, just so his underbudgeted orphans could have an audience.

Santa Barbara beat Ball State for third and then UCLA won handily as Kilgour's spikes dented Long Beach's side of the court in a dozen places and Holtzman, looking like his dad in the old days, dug up everything but the arena foundation.

"Dane is the best digger I've ever had at UCLA," said Scates. "He has the ability to read the spiker. He watches our blockers go up, eliminates certain possibilities and gets to the right spot."

The all-tournament team included Becker, Kilgour and Holtzman, who was voted the best player. After the awards were passed out, Scates was thrown in the shower. It might have been a premature soaking, though. Scates is trying to raise \$2,700 to take his circus to Hawaii, site of the USVBA tournament. No college team has ever made it into the top three of the tough "open" division, but UCLA has that affinity for a round ball, a net and the dreams of men in western Massachusetts. **END**

# THE EARTH AS SEEN FROM ALASKA

*In Fairbanks on April 22 Secretary Walter Hickel called for a shift in man's thinking from military defense toward the environment* **by PAT RYAN**

The first, last and maybe forever Earth Day bloomed last week as a pastiche of 1970 Americans. There were balloons, buttons, flowers, folksongs, young and earnest talk—a hodgepodge of expression on the state of the environment. What serious lessons were learned or harsh truths assimilated will be measured, perhaps literally, in due time. If Earth Day was an occasion for examining commitment to the environmental cause, nobody's commitment was

as worthy of exploration as that of Secretary of the Interior Walter J. Hickel, the man charged by the Federal Government with the safekeeping of the nation's parks, wildlife, water and natural resources. And Walter J. Hickel revealed some surprising attitudes on Earth Day.

Hickel chose to spend this day in his home state of Alaska, being photographed up a polluted river, with paddle, giving a mood-testing address to students at the only university in Amer-

ica that deepfreezes caribou out its dormitory windows and talking privately, in his highly personalized manner, of environmental issues and problems.

Before Hickel's Pan Am flight finally took off for Fairbanks it squatted on the runway at New York's Kennedy airport for more than an hour, jet to jet in a traffic jam. The smell of burning fuel seeped into the cabin where he sat polishing the speech he would deliver that evening at the University of Alaska. Accompanying him were his wife, Ermakoff; Alaskan Senator Ted Stevens; a former Alaskan Senator and Governor, Ernest Gruening; one aide and one reporter. Hickel had received more than 200 invitations to speak and chose the one farthest away—and the smallness of his retinue showed how well he had succeeded in keeping his profile low.

That Hickel ventured onto any college campus to take part in Earth Day observances, and encouraged 500 Inte-





rior Department employees to do likewise, is said to have caused discontent in the more conservative reaches of the White House. But in spite of the chill from above, Hickel publicly praised the concept of educating people about the environment. "Not only have the Earth Day sponsors aroused the interest of the student community," he said, "they have enlisted the support of the established conservation organizations, women's clubs, teachers, civic groups and individuals. They truly have sought to bring us together in a common cause." With that Hickel recognized the Earth Day people as members of his and the Interior Department's constituency.

Hickel took the precaution, however, of not appearing, as an aide put it, at a "Beale campus." The University of Alaska was perfect for his purposes. Not only was the state home to Hickel, but the discovery of oil on the North Slope tundra had caused clamor and concern among environmentalists, and the oil issue would provide an opportunity for him to expound his essential conservation doctrine, "wise use without abuse."

Finally, University of Alaska students are not given to impulsive or radical action, not that student uproar fazes Hickel. He stood up under a severe and boorish heckling at Princeton while attempting to speak there a few months ago, and was the only Cabinet member willing to talk before a convention of college newspaper editors in Washington, where he plowed through his speech despite a continuous, obscene and raucous effort by the audience to make him quit.

In Fairbanks the students, by and large, are a different breed, even if they have come, as they call it, from the "southern 48." One student put it this way: "We have our own rebellion. We go out in the woods, build a cabin and live there for years." It is not an idyllic escape, but a Spartan test. There are long weeks during a Fairbanks winter when it is 35° below; 20° below is normal. Cars will not run, so people walk. The oil discovery in the north has caused rents to soar, so students often build cabins, put in wood stoves, use the floor as a refrigerator and eat fish and game. "I

remember weeks on end last winter when all we had was caribou," one undergraduate said, "creamed, sliced, fried, burgered." If a person survives one Fairbanks winter, he or she is accepted in the confraternity.

Despite their reputation for tranquility, Alaska students aroused some community ire last week by observing Earth Day. A local miner took advertisements in the city newspaper pointing out the ominous background of the April 22 date—Lenin's birthday—and requesting all unemployed men to report to him for a counterdemonstration. A University of Alaska professor suggested in a report that Earth Day might have been April 20—Hitler's birthday. A Fairbanks radio announcer declared the campus Earth Day committee had been "infiltrated," and word was sent to Hickel in Washington that there might be demonstrations after all. But no student protest had been planned, and none occurred. Nor was it just the students who were causing concern. Hickel's delay—for conservation reasons—in approving the installation of an 800-mile Alaskan pipeline across the tundra had disgruntled the oil companies and especially their workers, who have congregated in the state to cash in on a bonanza.

Hickel's first public appearance on Earth Day was a two-mile canoe trip down the Chena River, which runs through the heart of Fairbanks. To the north the Chena is a sparkling white-water stream, but as it flows toward the city its banks become silt. Rusted pipes poke out everywhere through the gravel banks, spilling their poisons into the current. At the point where Hickel's canoe and a flotilla of 10 others pushed off for the half-hour inspection, the river was not clear but, to the untrained eye at least, not visibly polluted. Within a mile or so the water turned pitch-colored and an unearthly stench rose from it. As he floated downstream, Hickel was told what Fairbanks had done to the Chena. When the boats neared ashore a student paddler remarked, "This is like taking an agricultural inspector to a healthy pasture. They should take him around the bend, and down to where the raw sewage floats."

The tour was *pro forma*, like 1,000 other Earth Day inspections, but still striking—another river ruined. "Thank

you. That was fun," Mrs. Hickel called as she and the Secretary got into their car, a confusion of courtesy for which she should be excused.

The inspection had been watched by a sparse gathering along the riverbank—a few children run alongside the boats on the ice, a handful of town folk and old Hickel friends called out in the stillness. "Hey, Wally, how are you? Glad you're back," Hickel cheerfully acknowledged each greeting.

The crowd that came that night to the university gym to hear the Secretary speak numbered perhaps 800, not enough to fill the building but a good gathering considering the college has just 1,800 students. Not a sign waved in the bleachers; nor was there one catcall all evening; and though many students sported beards they were close-cropped and trimmed—the kind that men of the North have long worn.

The mayor spoke of the city's anti-pollution efforts. He ended with a stanza of Tennyson, and received a solid clap of applause. The next speaker, Stanford University physics professor Dr. Donald Aitken, was identified as a founding director of the organization known as Friends of the Earth. He is one of the young conservation priesthood, and his creed is fire and brimstone. He is idealistic, learned and yet facile, chiding and witty. Aitken was not long launched when Secretary Hickel's smile tightened. Aitken spoke of eco-crimes, the new concern with eco-image, the eco-Senators, eco-Congressmen. "The new rhetoric of ecology," he declared, "is being felt everywhere except by the environment." He produced a newspaper picture of Secretary Hickel kissing a girl from Juneau who had been named Queen of Washington's Cherry Blossom Festival. "This shows me that the Secretary is capable of dedicated concentration and forthright action in the face of extreme adversity," Aitken told the audience. "The adversity in this case is the girl's mother, who is kissing the girl's other cheek but obviously looking at Walter out of the corner of her eye." The audience laughed. Hickel looked a bit more uncomfortable. At the conclusion of his speech, which centered on Alaska as the scene for eco-crime, Aitken received a standing ovation.

Now it was Hickel's turn. He is not

*continued*

*Hickel (second from left) takes a two-mile canoe trip down the polluted Chena River, which runs through the heart of Fairbanks.*

totally at ease on a podium, and his speech sometimes wallowed in political vagueness. However, he aroused more than a little interest in his student audience when he called for "a shift in man's thinking . . . a new age, as different as the Industrial Age was from the Stone Age." He said, "When man appeared on earth he was relatively helpless, in a hostile environment. His primary need was security—for himself and his family—and security has remained our main concern right up to 1970. Although the average citizen spends very little time defending himself, personally, a large percentage of his wealth is still dedicated to that end. But now we are at a point where we must move beyond this fortress thinking. Let's get on with the job of learning to live, instead of just developing our capacity to destroy." It was a new approach, and, considering the source, a surprisingly direct challenge to the military-industrial interests. He went on in his speech to discuss other matters. The Alaskan pipeline would be built, he declared; only the details of how to do it remained to be solved. He spoke of other Interior programs, condemned the prevalent notion among youth that all government was a lost cause, and asked particularly for their help in providing realistic solutions to clean up the country's mess.

At the end of Hickey's remarks, a front row of dignitaries stood, heartily applauding. A hundred or so of the students followed their lead; but the remainder stayed seated while clapping, the eco-rhetoric still fresh in their minds. These would wait and see just what Hickey meant, and the Nixon Administration would do, about making any new age a reality.

"The speech was blah," a student said later. "But there were good signs among the platitudes."

The Secretary left the campus, his car tailed by a white sedan and G-men who had rifles on the floor. At the Fairbanks airport troopers stood on the tarmac, feet apart, tall silhouettes against the deep blue night sky. Hickey's car stopped some distance from the Aero Commander that was taking him to his home in Anchorage. He turned to a trooper nearby: "Will you walk me to the plane, officer?" he asked.

Hickey wedged into the dark cabin, and began to discuss his speech. He was clearly pleased with the reception he had

received. "If you don't have a message kids get out of hand," he said. "This was a thoughtful, considerate, balanced crowd. Six months ago I think they would have been unruly, but I believe we're getting credibility with them. It's the first time I have spoken of the notion of a new age, of the end to the security and fortress thinking. I want to develop that concept more, to refine it, to talk more about it."

The engine strained and roared as the plane headed southwest over the Alaskan landscape—stunted spindly virgin spruce, land tortured by glacier and earthquake, frozen rivers that run tormented, rickrack paths and mountains that crest in weird spires.

It was now more than 20 hours since Hickey had left his Washington home at the dawn of Earth Day and he was still clicking away. An oilman once said of the Secretary that his mouth is going 20 miles an hour before his brain starts. The comment was too caustic, but his ideas and words do sometimes fall in tangled heaps. His hands move restlessly, punching out points. He was once a boxer—winner of a Golden Gloves welterweight championship in Salina, Kans. in 1938, where he was raised dirt-poor—and his hands move tat-tat-tat at a listener.

Before taking public office, Hickey was an Alaskan entrepreneur and he still speaks in the terminology of a successful businessman. He calls his department a conglomerate, which it is, since along with conservation Interior is responsible for supervising Indian affairs, oil, gas, minerals and the governments of U.S. territorial possessions. He refers to the American public as his 200 million stockholders. Words like "unfiring" and "developing" come readily in his conversation and he talks of the necessity of a national inventory of resources and public land. Wally Hickey is still in business, even if he is dealing in roseate spoonbills instead of subdevelopments.

How bad is the present state of the environment, he is asked.

"Bad, but we've obviously caught it in time. We have to take fast action. Government and industry are going to work. The desire is there and basically the money in industry. There has to be a national commitment to work. Technology can and will solve our environmental problems. For example, I think a time will come perhaps soon when we will dispose of waste in our own homes turn it

into liquid. Technology is a more acceptable method of coping with ecological problems than putting a government choke on such things as population or auto use."

Does he consider the public's current interest in environment a fad? He hesitates, then stays optimistic and takes the plunge.

"It goes deeper than that. People are concerned. The less defense-oriented we become the more we will be concerned with life. It is going to take years. But I believe the basic real estate of earth by 2000 will be used for the enjoyment of men. The higher America's standard of living, the better I think things will get. When you are poorer you care less. The more affluent are more concerned with their environment."

Does he believe current government spending on environmental programs is sufficient?

"On the water pollution program, certainly yes. The \$215 million we have gotten is a giant step in the right direction. In water pollution we couldn't spend \$10 billion this year if we had it. It is like saying when they decided to go to the moon, why didn't they like Apollo 11 first? There had to be an Apollo 1, 2, 3 . . . Cleaning up the environment is going to be costly. There is a cost for doing business."

Hickey is a Catholic and a father of six sons. What are his views on population control?

"At the moment we are not suffering from overpopulation. In our national parks like Yosemite it is not too many people but too many cars. Get in an airplane, go up 30,000 feet and see America. Fly across it. There are clusters of people on the coasts, a few clusters here and there in the heartland. But there are thousands and thousands of square miles in which you see nothing. There is still an opportunity to challenge vacant space. That is what brought me to Alaska in 1940. We need a way to attract people to those places, perhaps we need to give tax concessions to industry to locate in towns with a population of 10,000 or 15,000. In the future population is going to have to be controlled on a world basis, by education or planning how to disperse it best."

How can we best cope with the automobile, its pollution and the crowded highways?

"I believe we will have a rapid trans-

*continued*



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portation system, elevated high-speed trainlike the Tokyo-Osaka express. This rapid transit should carry people as far as 500 miles. It could be developed privately or by the government, but the main thing is to get on with it. Rationing the auto is not the right approach, nor are steam-engined or electric cars. Of course, better anti-pollution equipment will be necessary for cars and continuing efforts are being made in the development of unleaded gas."

Finally, what are his views of the talk, talk of Earth Day?

"If talk is negative, derogatory and serves to confuse and destroy, I think it is wrong. But if the talk is questioning and searching, the kind of thing we are finding on this issue in colleges, it is good and worthwhile. Some conservationists are unreasonable. If God put oil on earth, I'm glad he put it on the North Slope. It's no damn good for anything else. They don't want oil in Santa Barbara, nor in the Gulf nor in the Arctic. Where the hell do they want it? People raise a problem hoping that these things won't be developed. That is the wrong attitude. The land or water should be used for the highest value and best use. In Santa Barbara I believe the highest value of the water in front of that strip of beach is for recreation. I am hoping to get permission to buy up the leases in the channel so that no new wells go in there. The drilling of oil wells in the channel was wrong."

Hickel walks a tightrope between the nation's greatest interest groups—"and I walk right down the center of that rope," he said in the dark of the plane. He is canny and perhaps politically ambitious. He is a "doer," a man of action, and a larger figure than the public—or perhaps even the White House—may have guessed. A leading Democratic Senator, who wished to go unnamed but is prominently involved in environmental concerns, says of Hickel's performance so far, "We've been converted. Hickel is way out ahead of the Administration. If Hickel says what the Administration feels, then we've come a long way in a hurry." From Washington last week came a report, quite unconfirmed, that Hickel had a serious scrap with Vice-President Agnew at a recent Cabinet meeting. Agnew, it is said, wanted Hickel to give up this Earth Day foolishness. But Hickel refused. Like a lot of people, he did his thing on Earth Day. **END**

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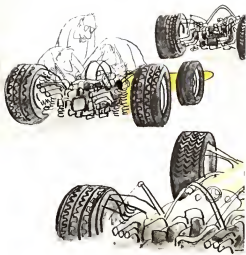
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That dwindling species, the nostalgic road-racing enthusiast, has few havens these days from the agents of progress, but for the time being, at least, he can depend on Grace and Rainier to preserve their fairy-tale competition in that improbable field on the Mediterranean. Next week brings the 28th Monaco Grand Prix: the splendid cars, the narrow streets, the Jackie Stewarts and Mario Andrettis and Jochen Rindts, the sense of wonder that any event so romantically out of sync with the times exists at all. On these

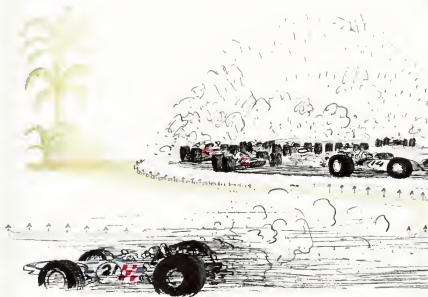
pages the French artist Sempé offers up a valentine to the last of the great round-the-houses races, and to all the incurables who choose to attend.







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Yes, Virginia, there is a Bill Cox. He is alive and well in London, dreaming up all-world soccer teams, issues of postage stamps and a hall of fame in Nicaragua. Nicaragua? **by GWILYM S. BROWN**

## WHAT WILL HE THINK OF NEXT?

**C**urrently established at No. 19 Green Street, London, W-1, in what was once the Bulgarian embassy, is a pin-striped, buttoned-down, rep-tied entrepreneur named William Drought Cox, almost Yale '30. Students of track, the Wall Street scene, Santa Claus, fine arts,

the lumber business, minor league pro football, major league pro football, horse racing, major league baseball, politics, Greek mineral deposits, the Olympic Games, soccer, Latin American republics and the international postage-stamp trade may recognize the name.



Bill Cox is tall, only slightly plump, pink of cheek and gray of hair. His voice is deep, and most frequently used to pass along—in strictest confidence—tales of stupefying chicanery in high places, face-to-face confrontations with the movers and shakers of the world and assessments of exciting and vital programs that somehow never attain the glorious blossoming for which they seem so surely destined. In recent weeks the activity around the old Bulgarian embassy has been especially frenetic, for one of Cox's

most exotic enthusiasms has—against all odds—come to full flower.

As late as last September, Cox's current project was nothing more than an idea without takers. But suddenly it caught hold, and now deeply involved is *World Sports* magazine, an internationally respected British monthly which, thanks to Cox, has gained still further prestige by conducting a poll to determine the first modern-day all-star team of world soccer. Involved, too, is the Republic of Nicaragua which, also thanks to Cox, will net a million dollars or so and pick up valuable promotion by issuing a colorful set of postage stamps honoring the team. Even the sport of soccer is getting something out of it: Nicaragua, hardly a world soccer citadel, is busy building soccer's very first international Hall of Fame. Thanks to Cox.

And Cox, the man who brought all this about? What is he getting, aside from the satisfaction of producing stamps and promoting soccer?

"Well . . . er . . . uh . . ." groaned Cox on a recent afternoon in the drawing room of his ex-embassy, as he un-diplomatically covered his eyes with an agitated hand. "I don't want to answer that question. Let's just say that people who succeed in selling stamp motifs are in the same class as authors who write bestsellers. But I receive no advance. I don't take a penny out of it until the stamps are issued."

Some of Cox's schemes have sold like *Gone with the Wind*, and some have only gone with the wind. But his machinations, often in the realm of sport, have never been dull. He was only 15, the second youngest in his class, when he entered New York University, where he ran track and cross-country. Yale was always his goal, however, and after a year at NYU he transferred to New Haven and repeated his freshman year. At Yale, he was a catcher on the freshman baseball team and a middle-distance runner for the track team, an un-

likely diversification, but typically Cox. He did not stay long enough to graduate with his class—1930—but quit school at the end of his sophomore year. Cox lays part of the blame for this on an Ivy League athletic committee.

"It ruled that anyone who had competed at one college would be ineligible if he transferred to another," he says. "There I was, 17 and a tramp athlete. It was ridiculous." On Oct. 29, 1929—a date easily remembered for its depressing repercussions in stock-and-bond circles—Cox went to work for a Wall Street brokerage firm. Undaunted in this get-rich-never-atmosphere, he turned a quick profit on, of all things, that famous old bit of Christmas humbug called "Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus."

Cox had heard that the rights to the famous 1897 *New York Sun* editorial had lapsed, so he bought them for \$1,000. He next convinced an ad agency that it should use the editorial as a yuletide promotion gimmick on the *Mo'Peck* radio show. Then Grosset & Dunlap brought out *Yes, Virginia* in book form and sold over 50,000 copies. In all, Cox cleared a quick \$10,000 on the editorial.

By the mid-'30s, with help from some Wall Street connections, Cox had established himself as an entrepreneur in American art, dealing in Eakins, Bellows and the like. However, his devotion to the fine arts waned in 1936 when he learned, on a friendly tip, of the profit to be made supplying rustic wooden lampposts to the city of New York. That success led to the purchase of a lumber company being sold to pay off a debt. Cox parlayed it into a small fortune. In 1938 he married Murgery Gilbert, a girl from a wealthy Englewood, N.J., family, and that didn't hurt his Dun & Bradstreet rating, either.

Cox now felt ready to indulge a cherished ambition. In 1941 he bought the New York Yankees. Well, this was not exactly the New York *Yankees*, but rather the New York *football* Yankees of

continued

the American Football League, a minor professional circuit that included entries from places like Columbus and Milwaukee. Cox signed two highly publicized All-America backs—Tom Harmon of Michigan and John Kimbrough of Texas A&M—to their first pro contracts. But that was the only notable feature of his ownership, and with the coming of war both the team and the league died. Cox was lucky to break even.

Still, he remained eager to invest in more sporting playthings. As the operator of a strategic business (lumber), Cox was draft exempt (he later volunteered, but changed his mind in time and remained a civilian), and so in 1943 he was around when baseball's Philadelphia Phillies came on the market. Cox and some friends outbid Jack Kelly Sr., plus a couple of other combines, to obtain the hapless last-place team for a mere \$30,000 in cash.

Cox, who held 92% of the stock, took command of the Phils just a couple of weeks before the start of spring training. Being wartime, manpower was short, but nowhere so short as on the Phillies.

"I had to play shortstop myself for the first four games in training camp," Cox remembers with obvious relish. "Finally my new manager, Bucky Harris, said to me, 'Mr. Cox, you'd better not stay out there. You could get killed.'"

Reluctantly taking himself out of the lineup, Cox helped Manager Harris in putting together an effective team, and

the Phils began winning. After finishing last in six of the preceding seven years, and only once in the first division since 1918, the Phils became a threat. As late as midseason they were in fifth place, six games out of third. Then, in July, Cox fired Harris. The Phils finished seventh. But attendance had doubled, and it seemed that young Cox, only 33, had made a good start as a big league owner. Unfortunately, he was in trouble with Baseball Commissioner Landis. Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis had been hired in the '20s to clean up the image of baseball, stilled by the bribery and betting scandals of the 1919 World Series. By contrast with the more lenient standards that exist today, any connection between baseball and betting was not to be tolerated. When Landis learned in midseason that Cox owned a promising 3-year-old racehorse named Maazaca, he ordered him to sell the horse or sell the Phils. Cox sold the horse.

Within weeks he was back in Landis' office in Chicago, this time seeking the judge's approval on a job offer he had received. In the fall of 1942 Cox had been one of the most active organizers in Thomas E. Dewey's campaign for governor of New York. After Dewey was elected he nominated Cox as a state racing commissioner. Judge Landis was outraged.

"See those millions of people down there?" Landis said, pointing to the street far below. "They'd never understand it

if baseball got into bed with horse racing." Cox was told once again to choose. He turned down Dewey.

There was to be one more confrontation between Cox and the judge. Friends of the Phils' deposed manager, Bucky Harris, were now saying that Cox bet daily on baseball games with his bookmaker. League rules forbade this, and once more Landis called Cox on the carpet. At first Cox denied the charges, then confessed to them, citing ignorance of the rule as his only justification. Landis demanded a more detailed accounting, which Cox refused to give. This time Cox was given no choice. He was ordered to sell the Phils. He sold them to the current owners, the Carpenter family, for slightly more than he had paid. Then Landis declared Cox "permanently ineligible" to hold office in organized baseball—in other words, he was barred for life from the sport.

It was a dismal end to what might have been a happy year. Now, 27 years later, Cox says he was a victim of circumstances and provides a rather curious explanation as to why he denied, then confessed to, the betting charges.

"The trouble was that I made the mistake of trying to be my own detective," he explained recently, sipping a dry martini in the Polo Bar of London's Westbury Hotel. "I never placed a bet of any sort on baseball games. I figured that somehow saying I had bet would smoke out the person who had really



COX TROTS with members of his Philie squad at spring training 1943. He tried to introduce commando techniques at camp.



BASEBALL COMMISSIONER LANDIS met with Cox and his attorney, Lloyd Post Stryker (center), but would not lift his lifetime ban

done the betting, using our office phone. A New York paper sent two reporters down to Philadelphia, and they couldn't find any evidence that I'd bet, nor could Lands' office. But after I said I had bet I think he felt he had no alternative but to penalize me."

The baseball ban still stands, but Cox has found numerous other sports and teams to promote. Just three years after he was blackballed by Lands he bought into the New York franchise of the All-America Football Conference, the pro league that briefly challenged the NFL during the mid-'40s. After two seasons Cox and his partner, Gerald Smith, had lost \$100,000 apiece, and they sold the football Dodgers to Branch Rickey.

Understandably Bill Cox' great zest for the cut and thrust of sports promotion had diminished, and it was not until 14 years later that he got back into it. Meanwhile he sold his lumber company and put his money into mineral development in Greece. He made \$200,000. Next, Cox joined with billionaire J. Paul Getty in a Greek oil partnership that fizzled.

During his visits to Europe, Cox became a soccer fan. In 1959, convinced soccer could become a major sport in the U.S., he set up the International Soccer League. It consisted of professional soccer clubs that Cox brought into New York from all over the world to play a 10-week, round-robin tournament schedule. Cox considered the ISL as merely the

foundation for an American major league, similar to the ones already operating in baseball, football, basketball and ice hockey. The league began in 1960, playing doubleheaders at the Polo Grounds in New York. Games were fanned out to other cities, among them Los Angeles and Chicago and Chicopee Falls, Mass., and by 1966 the ISL had become a modest success. It was then that Cox invited 40 people to a lunch at the Biltmore Hotel in New York, men of substance, the owners of baseball and football teams and other wealthy sports promoters. Cox hoped that from this group might come the backing for the first truly professional soccer league in the U.S.

"I told them that all I'd done was set the foundation for the league, that it was up to them if they were interested to take it from there," says Cox. "Then, out of reasons of advance, a hole appeared in the dike. Something happened to make mincemeat of the idea."

Almost immediately two factions developed. Both sought recognition from the FIFA, which governs world soccer. The result was that one group, the U.S. Soccer League, got FIFA blessing but not a television contract. The other, the National Professional Soccer League, got CBS but not FIFA. The two leagues tried to operate in competition, and the result was a disaster. When the leagues finally merged on a vastly reduced scale, after a 10-month fight, there was no long-

continued



**OFF TO CAMP** with Dodgers football team, Cox poses with co-owner Gerald Smith, Mrs. Lee Gehrig, league czar Jim Crowley, business manager Fred Finestrom.

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er a television contract. Cox, a part owner of the San Diego franchise, sold his share and eventually dropped out of professional soccer altogether.

How much money did he lose this time? "Just a modest investment," claims Cox. "I have too much of a head for business to have gotten badly caught in that." He and his ISL associates still have a \$1.5 million suit against the U.S. Soccer Football Association.

Whatever the decision of the court, Bill Cox has gone a long way—via Nicaragua—toward recouping his soccer losses. This latest saga began in the capital city of Managua one morning early last September, when a limousine carrying Cox, a presidential military aide and Major General Lowell English, commanding general of the Marine Corps recruiting depot in San Diego, arrived at the white presidential palace. General English, a former West Point instructor, had come along to introduce Cox to President Somoza, who had attended West

Point. It was an added frill to Cox' flourish. Already he had been to Jamaica, the Bahamas, Malta, Monaco and Luxembourg trying, without success, to sell his idea for soccer postage stamps. Maybe a general would help.

In the past philately has provided Cox with a string of happy successes. "My father first gave me a stamp album when I was a kid," he says. "I was the first one in my class at grammar school who could spell Czechoslovakia." Later he made some money publishing postage-stamp albums. The first appeared in 1936 and—possibly because Cox had just gotten into the lumber business—was devoted to stamps on which trees were featured. His next album, circa 1946, contained all the sports stamps ever issued. The third, published after the 1956 Olympic Games, was a complete history-through-stamps of the Games. The fourth, published in 1959, was a general album, with 1,200 pages and 300,000 words of text.

"When I put together my catalog of all the sports stamps ever issued," Cox says, "I noticed that it contained not a single Olympic winner. I thought there must be some way to eulogize them." So in 1956 he sold the Dominican Republic on the idea of bringing out an issue of stamps honoring the all-time great Olympians and the outstanding winners that year at Melbourne. Fine, but why the Dominican Republic? Think small, answers Cox.

"The big nations have their own stamp committees, and they're not likely to accept an outside idea," he says. "I never even bother with the United States. Even if they accept an idea, you're lucky to get more than a thank you in payment."

The Dominican Republic's Olympic issue made a couple of million dollars for that nation's treasury, and Cox received a flat fee of \$20,000. Though the all-time Olympians honored on the stamps were supposedly picked by a poll of 100 U.S. sportswriters, there

*continued*

## THE ANATOMY OF A SPORTS PROMOTION



Selections of "all-everything" teams is nothing new, nor is the issuance of commemorative stamps, nor the establishment of sport halls of fame. But with characteristic enterprise and imagination, promoter William Drought Cox has managed to unite all three elements and come up with the world's first combined all-world all-star

team, stamp issue and Hall of Fame for soccer players. Some of the fruits of his labors are seen in the reproductions of Nicaraguan postage stamps arrayed above, depicting the 11 players selected as the best since World War II by a panel of sportswriters from 35 soccer-playing countries.

Cox and *World Sports* magazine, which

undertook sponsorship of the poll at Cox' urging, restricted any nation from having more than four writers on the selection panel and forbade any panels from voting for a player from his own country. These restrictions were aimed at preventing another ballot-stuffing incident, such as the one that marred the 1957 All-Star baseball selection.

The precautions seem to have worked, since the team reflects a strong continental mix and includes three players from behind the Iron Curtain.

Top vote-getter among the select 11 was, unsurprisingly, Brazil's Pelé, with 76. Lev Yashin of Russia was second, with 69, and Alfredo di Stefano of Argentina got 68. Others, in descending order, were Djalma Santos (Brazil) 57, Joseph Boszik (Hungary) 45, Franz Beckenbauer (West Germany) 44, Ferenc Puskas (Hungary) 44, Stanley Matthews (England) 40, Billy Wright (England) and Giacinto Facchetti (Italy) 38, and Bobby Charlton (England) 37. Of the top 11, five are still active: Yashin, Facchetti, Beckenbauer, Pelé and Charlton.

The choice of Nicaragua as the focus for Cox' scheme stemmed less from that nation's importance in the soccer firmament than from the imperatives of the postage-stamp business. Issuing a new line of stamps means perhaps a million dollars to the nation's treasury, and thousands to Cox'.



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were some surprising inclusions—for instance, an Italian walker named Ugo Frigerio—and several startling omissions—for instance, Emil Zatopek, the Czech who won three gold medals at the 1952 Helsinki Olympics. The list of 25 outstanding winners in Melbourne contained walkers, shooters, pentathletes, cyclists, but not Vladimir Kuts of Russia, who dominated the 5,000- and 10,000-meter races, nor any other Soviet competitor, despite the fact that the Russians won more medals than anyone that year. The omission was, of course, political. The Soviet invasion of Hungary that autumn was on everyone's mind, and Dictator Trujillo was not about to allow any Communist heroes on his stamps.

So here was Cox at Nicaragua's presidential palace 13 years later, peddling a similar idea, this time honoring soccer's best 11 players of the post-World War II era. Cox seldom runs out of ideas, but this time he had almost run out of countries. Nicaragua was his sixth. The three men were ushered past the sentries guarding the palace gate, into an anteroom and finally before the president himself. General Somoza rose from behind an immense desk to greet them. Cox noted with relief that he seemed cheerful and friendly. The two generals reminisced about their days together at the Point, and then Cox spoke up.

"Would your government be interested in a stamp motif that would not only be popular in its own right but might also start a more general interest in Nicaraguan stamps?" Cox asked the general, still concealing the exact nature of the motif.

"Ah, yes," Somoza said. "I'm all for that." Another meeting was arranged for a few days later.

At the second meeting Cox revealed that he had approached the London-based Crown Agents, a mammoth institution loosely affiliated with the British government that serves as a financial and commercial agent for other countries. Their philatelic division, which profitably handles the stamp issues of 55 other countries, would be very pleased, Cox told the generals, to produce and distribute this particular—but as yet unnamed—motif should Nicaragua decide to issue it. At a third meeting with Somoza, his minister of finance and the chief of his philatelic bureau,

Cox not only revealed the motif in full, but also broached the possibility of Nicaragua's opening the very first-ever-in-history Soccer Hall of Fame right there in downtown Managua. General Somoza was delighted with the idea.

The Nicaraguans agreed to issue the stamps, but by now it was late September and Cox was running out of time. The stamps had to appear before the start of the World Cup soccer tournament on May 31, and Cox, so far, didn't even have a team to put on his stamps. He had previously decided that to establish the unquestioned authenticity of his team it must be determined by a poll of the world's foremost soccer writers. To induce a convincing response, the poll must be sent out by a distinguished publication located in a country where soccer is the major sport. No magazine or newspaper was particularly anxious to hold such a poll, and Cox knew he would have to push a little.

His first pitch was to the London *Sunday Times*, which was not keen to act as an agent for the Nicaraguan government. Next Cox tried Eric Batty, an internationally known soccer expert and statistician, who is an editor of *World Soccer*. The meeting produced nothing but mutual disagreement. Cox thought Batty wanted too much money to conduct the poll. Batty thought there was something suspicious about Cox's mailing list.

"One of the people on his voting list was the Nicaraguan minister of public health," Batty claims. "Also, he refused to advance me money to do the job, and he wouldn't even tell me why he wanted the team."

Cox denies there were Nicaraguans on the list. And, he says, "I did not feel it necessary to divulge the reason for making the poll as long as the poll itself was thoroughly legitimate. There's a lot of piracy in this stamp business."

On Dec. 12 Cox finally presented his idea for a poll to Doug Gardner, features editor of *World Sports*, the magazine he probably should have started with in the first place. *World Sports* has readers in more than 110 nations and covers soccer widely, but Cox had hardly heard of it.

"A bloody good idea, was my first reaction," says Gardner. "I wish I'd thought of it myself. Of course, we weren't going to budge an inch on it

continued

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## WHAT NEXT? *continued*

until we knew why Cox was so keen on the vote. We knew he wasn't just giving away ideas out of the goodness of his heart." The editors of *World Sports* finally agreed to sponsor the poll and to get started right away. But right away was not quite soon enough, because the artist needed the names and photographs of the players by Jan. 20.

"Cox was on the phone three or four times a day," reports Gardner. "Ideas shooting out of him like satellites. Finally we had to say, 'Look. We have to get out a magazine as well as this poll. If you're in such a hurry you set it up.'"

From his own address book, from the files at *World Sports* and with the help of FIFA and the International Soccer Writers Association in Brussels, Cox stitched together a mailing list of 120 soccer journalists from 44 countries. *World Sports* worked out the poll's format. To eliminate the possibility of coming up with, say, three goalies on the team instead of 11 players from 11 different positions, and also to keep the poll simple and easily understood by voters, the ballot offered a list of 44 players active since 1950. It included four goalkeepers (pick one), eight fullbacks (pick two), 12 halfbacks (pick three) and 20 forwards (pick five). The deadline for returns was Jan. 19. By Dec. 16, only four days after Cox had walked into the *World Sports* offices, the ballots had been printed on *World Sports* stationery. Editor Don Wood had signed 120 letters to accompany them and they had been mailed. The night of the deadline 80 replies were back in London, and by Jan. 20 the artist—a former Hungarian soccer player now living in England—was at work on the first two paintings. *World Sports* announced the results of its poll in the April issue and this month the first soccer stamps will begin streaming across post-office counters in Nicaragua and to stamp dealers around the world. Cox is planning to publish an album containing all the soccer stamps ever issued. As for the Hall of Fame, it's coming along famously even if the locale is not exactly the one the sport itself would have selected.

"These days people have to have creative ability to think of something absolutely new," says Cox. "I've never tried to be a promoter of one-shot things, though occasionally it happens. I consider myself a builder." **END**

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FOR PEOPLE WHO TRAVEL

## Chicago streaks for nice-guy Durocher

Chicago's hitters again were having a hot spring and it seemed like last year all over again—except for the amiable Leo, who with his team in first place was bubbling over with the milk of human kindness

Ten games at home in the Friendly Confines, and the Chicago Cubs had won ten straight, their longest streak since 1953. The Cubs were averaging nearly seven runs per game, and they were still undefeated at Wrigley Field. Picture-swinger Billy Williams, 0 for 16, stepped out of his oval frame and went 18 for 37, including six home runs and 22 RBIs. Johnny Callison, who had been under .200, bounced up to .308. Jim Hickman was batting .335 when Houston decided to walk him three times in one game. Ernie Banks began an 11-5 demolition of the Astros with his 498th career homer. Bill Hands won his third game without a defeat, and Ken Holtzman was 3-1.

Chicago's first game with St. Louis (previously on a rip of its own) told the bare tale. At the seventh-inning stretch, the Cubs had done nothing since the first inning. Bob Gibson was scything them down, superb Catcher Randy Hundley had just been badly hurt and the Cards had gotten three runs in the top of the seventh. Then relentless chip-chip hitters Don Kessinger and Glen Beckert sneaked aboard, Gibson let slip one good pitch and Williams splintered the right-field bleachers. Callison unwinked a slider with Santo on, Gibson got one of his rare early show-ers and the Cubs ambled to a 7-4 win, mauling Crackerjack and snapping their Spearmin. Until then, St. Louis pitchers had not yielded a home run. Red Schoendienst was philosophical. "Boom, boom," he said. "We all know the Cubs can do that at any time."

Leo Durocher, whose job hangs in the balance this year, was mellowed by the Cubs' good fortunes. Normally the last guy to finish nice, Durocher was congratulating players, talking to people for free and being kind to umpires. Schoendienst was out there kicking dirt on home plate; the Lip was in the dugout, smiling winningly. Of course, the lower Lip did tremble once on his radio talk show,

Caller: You blew the pennant, fella. Why are you on this show? To make up for the pay cut you're taking? Leo: How much money do you make? Caller: About \$50 a week. Leo: Listen, I can get a tin can and pencil and make that much. Caller: That's probably what you'll be doing next year. Moderator: You're listening to a reenactment of World War II.

### THE WEEK

**NL EAST** PITTSBURGH CAME back like Shane and Little Sheba never did. Willie Stargell, who had been hitting .067, derricked two home runs over Forbes Field's right-field roof. His first broke up a 1-1 tie, his second enabled the Pirates to turn a 7-4 incept loss into an 8-7 win. Roberto Clemente and Matty Alou fractured two more ties. Alou hadn't seen the ball he hit. Bias pitched a three-hitter after striking out in a softball game. ST. LOUIS, after playing like the Great Horned Owl vs. Field mice, lost plumage. The Cards dropped their first night game in five, went 2-3 and benched Dal Maxvill and Julian Javier. THE NEW YORK Mets so enjoyed the drama of losing 1-0 in 15 innings to the Dodgers Friday that they lost another 1-0 game Saturday and ran their scoreless innings to 30. Dick Selma, cheerleader, ranks up there as a pitcher, too. Selma struck out four of seven Padres to save a 5-4 PHOENIX victory and set down five of eight Giants in a 6-4 win. MONTREAL was 3-11. "I'm knee-deep in triple mediocrity," Gene Mauch growled.

CHI 11-3 ST. L 3-5 PITT 10-0  
NY 2-8 PHIL 2-8 MONT 3-11

**NL WEST** "We got some good boopers," said CINCINNATI Manager Sparky Anderson, who wasn't telling the National League anything at hadn't known since 1867 or so. It did seem the Reds were more riotous than ever. The ruffians got 19 runs, 27 hits and 10

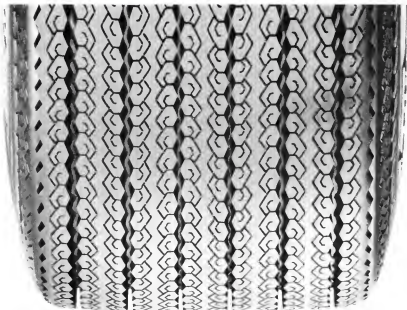
home runs in two games (seven in one), and Tony Perez quarterstaffed every pitcher in sight. Perez hit homers in four consecutive games and nine in the first 18, an NL record. He was also .500 in his first 65 at bats. Here's the ominous news: Cincy had three pitchers among the 10 ERA leaders, led by rookie Wayne Simpson's 0.58. The world was not LOS ANGELES' oyster. On Earth Day the Dodgers discovered that ace starter Bill Singer had caught hepatitis from reliever Pete Mikkelsen, who had gotten it from a sick shellfish. Hepatitis is decidedly infectious, and the Dodgers may be the first baseball team ever sidelined en masse. Yet the Dodgers had a good week. Another sick pitching staff got a shot in the arm when Juan Marchal of SAN FRANCISCO pitched five innings in his first start. But Don MacMahon couldn't hang on to a 3-0 lead even against Montreal. HOUSTON's Joe Pepitone flew to New York on an off day. "No sooner than I got in," he said, "I heard—pow, pow—a shooting. Some old toms." Same old team, too. Away from the Astrodomo's AstroTurf, the Astros lost six straight. With Cecil Upshaw and Ron Reed still out, ATLANTA—last year's best in the West—looked like the least in the East until faltering Phil Niekro finally got his flutterball working. THE SAN DIEGO Padres struck out 19 times in one game.

CINN 14-8 L.A. 8-8 SF 8-10  
ATL 3-11 HOUS 7-12 SD 5-12

**AL EAST** Springtime began on Easter, the day Mayo Smith slammed the clubhouse door after another exhibition debacle and told the DETROIT players, "You're taking money under false pretenses." The Tigers won the rest of their preseason games, and an eight-game winning streak ran their regular record to 10-3 before losing two to the Twins. Bill Freehan's homer and Cesar Gutierrez' double won two games in late innings. "We have the best team in baseball," complained Earl Weaver of BALTIMORE. "We'll have to get back in first place where we belong before I'll be happy." Well, Frank Robinson was hitting again (.386, in fact), Dave Johnson was .370, the Orioles knocked off the Royals, and there it was: first place. Good news from ASTORIA: left-hander Gary Peters

continued





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## BASEBALL *continued*

pitched a shutout at Fenway Park. Bad news: Sonny Siebert went to 3-2 on the first four batters in the first game of the same doubleheader, launched two wild pitches and the Red Sox lost 10-4. Frank Howard of Washington, with home runs Thursday, Friday and Saturday, was back to pasting 500-foot shots through upper-deck seats, and Lee Maye rained his average 170 points, but pitching was bad. Monday George Brunet gave the Yankees five runs before retiring a man. Saturday he yielded four runs in four innings and lowered his ERA—to 9.35. CLEVELAND (2-3) moved into the cellar, evicting NEW YORK (3-5). "Being lost at this stage doesn't bother me," said Ralph Houk.

BALT 11-8 DET 10-8 BOST 3-8  
WASH 7-8 NY 7-11 CLEV 3-9

**AL WEST** MINNESOTA WAS strong on oddities and everything else. Brant Alyea-Jim Perry witchery continued unabated. Though Perry did not win, he remains unbeaten at 3-0, thanks to Alyea, who drove in four runs in the three innings Perry pitched against Detroit. Perry thus escaped with no decision after giving up six runs. Alyea—leading the league in batting and RBIs—had seven of his 16 hits, all four homers and 19 of 20 RBIs in games Perry pitched. If that didn't have Bowie Kuhn screening Alyea's associates for pointed ears and cloven hooves, one play on Saturday would have. Leftfielder Alyea got an assist on the pitcher's mound and a put out near home plate that prevented an inside-the-park home run on a strikeout. With two out, Detroit's Earl Wilson struck out, the Twins headed for the dugout and nationwide TV cut to a commercial. But the umpire signaled the third strike had been trapped. Wilson ambled to first, then started running. Alyea saw what was happening in time to pick up the ball, throw to Shortstop Leo Cardenas and get the ball back to tag Wilson out between third and home. CALIFORNIA was half a game ahead of Minnesota, but Andy Messersmith strained his shoulder stretching a single into a double. After yielding five runs in 4½ innings for his first loss, Messersmith said, "There's nothing wrong with my arm. Nothing wrong with it. Nothing." His eyes were rimmed with red. Al Downing pitched a three-hitter, Chuck Dobson got his first win, Sal Bando returned to third base but OAKLAND still hovered around .500. KANSAS CITY had four home runs in one game and lost. CHICAGO's Tom McCraw stole second every time he reached first base. That was only twice. MILWAUKEE had a certified witch cast a spell for the Brewers. It may have helped win two of three in Boston.

MINN 10-4 CAL 15-8 OAK 3-8  
KC 8-10 CHI 6-9 MIL 5-11

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## These Mills Bros. are in the record business, too

**They are Curtis and Marvin Mills, who swung down the lane at Des Moines to help Texas A&M set records in the 880- and 440-yard relays**

Getting the right lane was the thing, man, and when Texas A&M drew No. 8, on the extreme outside, for the 880-yard relay final at the Drake Relays last Friday, everybody in Des Moines knew a world record was as good as run. The Aggies had the Mills brothers and that should have been more than enough, and now they had a jump on the clock on an extremely fast track, in ideal weather. In fact, everything except Coach Charlie Thomas holding the only stopwatch in town. Shoot, in a heat that morning A&M had decided not to push it and had sauntered around the Tarian track in 1:22.11—and that *was* the world record. “And we weren’t even trying,” said Marvin Mills, the younger half of the brother act. “Heck, I wasn’t running. I was just strutting. And brother Curtis was running around looking at the people in the stands and waving to his friends. And he’s got a lot of friends.”

All this stuff about the advantage of running outside wasn’t discovered until a group of engineers with nothing better to do took out their slide rules and discovered that, on a quarter-mile track, while the guy in Lane 1 was running 440 yards, the guy in Lane 2 was running 443. And it got longer, three yards per lane, until the poor guy in Lane 8 was running 461. Ergo the stagger start. As the lanes move to the outside, each runner starts nearly three yards ahead of the man inside of him. In the 880 relay the stagger doubles, and that puts the runner in Lane 8 halfway into the turn, making the first and third legs straightaways, which is worth at least a second on the clock. Men run faster in straight lines than around curves. The world record for a 220 on a straightaway is 19.5, it’s 20 flat around a bend. And so Friday there was A&M in Lane 8, ready to fly. Even the wind was cooperating. All day it had been blowing in gusts up to 12 knots. Now it dropped to near zero. Perfect. Then the esteemed officials of the Drake Relays almost blew it.

The horns of the public-address system came to life: “Kansas has scratched from the 880 relay. Edgar Musgrave, the clerk of the course, has decided that Texas A&M will move into Kansas’ lane, Lane 2.”

The Aggies were stunned. “No,” said Donny Rogers, the freshman sprinter who would lead off, “I’m not moving.” Then he decided to talk it over with Coach Thomas, who was acting as meet

referee for university events. “I guess you can’t do anything but move,” said Thomas. Rogers picked up his starting blocks and went to Lane 2, from the middle of the turn to the start of it. “We’re too tall to run well on curves,” Rogers muttered. He’s 6’3”. Rockie Woods, the 9.3 sprinter who runs the second leg, is 6’3”, an inch taller than Marvin Mills. The tallest is Curtis Mills, a tack-

shy of 6’4”, who owns the world record (44.7) in the 440. He would run the anchor. Angrier.

“Well, we could have moved them to Lane 7,” said Musgrave. And if there is a lane better than 8, it is 7. The danger of 8 is that it is against a wall. Fans have a habit of reaching out and grabbing at a runner. Too, fans use that lane as a trash can. But Lane 2?

*continued*

**MARVIN PASSES RAYON TO CURTIS IN MILE RELAY, BUT AGGIES WERE DISQUALIFIED**



"From time immemorial we have always exercised the prerogative of moving the farthest team to the vacant lane," said Musgrave. "It's in the interest of starting on time and finishing on time. We always are on time, and we're proud of it. It's a tradition here. We're running five minutes ahead of schedule. If we moved all teams one lane it would take 10 minutes. That would make us five minutes late."

And so, on time, the race began. Rogers ran the full curve on a blazing 20.9. "And you can't ask for a better start than that," chortled Thomas. Woods did his leg in 21.2 and then turned the baton over to Marvin. "It was a lousy hand-off," Woods said. "Marvin started off slow. I almost had to stop to hand it to him." No matter. Marvin, who has turned a 9.4 100, was blazing along at a 20.0 clip, and when he handed the baton to Curtis, A&M had made up all those three-plus-thirds and was in the lead. And on the hand-off Marvin also spiked Curtis on the left calf, making his older brother no less unhappy.

"Well, Rocky had run up my back," said 18-year-old Marvin in defense.

"And you were on my back," said Curtis, who is 21.

Marvin laughed. "I wasn't on your back, I was on your leg."

Wounded or not, Curtis streaked off. "Man, everything had gone wrong, I thought. It was bad. Super bad. Instead of starting from where I was supposed to, I had got on Rocky's starting line. I took off. Then I stopped. Then I said, it's too late now. Then I took off again."

He ran his leg in 19.6, and as he flashed across the finish line he looked back at the big clock. It said 1:21.7. "Dummit," said Curtis, slapping the baton to the ground. Then he grinned sheepishly and hurried to retrieve it. "I don't know what I was thinking about," he said. "I saw the time, and I didn't think it was a record. Then I realized it was. But, darn it, if we had been able to stay in Lane 8 we would have knocked another second off."

That should have been more than enough for one day. But the Aggies weren't through yet. In the morning they had run a 440-relay heat in 40.2, breaking the Drake record. Now they would have to qualify for the mile-relay final. "And I don't know if I can," said Marvin. "I'm so tired I don't know if I can walk, much less run."

But they ran, and they qualified, and

they were disqualified when officials spotted Harold McMahan, who led off, running out of his lane.

"It's funny," said Curtis. "Marvin and I were walking out of the stadium. We didn't know we had been disqualified. Then the guy on the public-address system whispers, 'Texas A&M has been disqualified from the mile relay.' He really whispered it. I thought, heck, I didn't hear that? Then the guy whispers it again. I knew I had heard it then."

"Yeah," said Marvin, laughing. "and you know who disqualified us? Coach Thomas. As the referee, he had to sign the paper. He signed us out of a watch."

"It was two other officials who turned us in," said Curtis.

"As referee," said Marvin. "Coach Thomas should have fired them."

For Thomas, it was more than merely signing his team into disqualification. The other officials reported the infraction; then he had to decide whether or not a disqualification was warranted. If it had been any other team he most likely would have said forget it. McMahan had stumbled and taken four steps on the line before recovering his balance. That's just one more step than is allowed. "It shouldn't have been reported in the first place," snarled a Drake official. "One lousy step and we lose the best relay team in the country."

"Coach did what he had to do," said McMahan. "I'm not complaining. But that doesn't make me feel any less lousy. I just lost my balance. But if it had been anything but a Tartan track I wouldn't have been caught. On other surfaces the lines aren't clearly defined."

"It was a hard thing to do," said Thomas, "but it sure wasn't any harder than getting Curtis to go to a dentist on Thursday." That was the day A&M flew from Texas to Des Moines, and it was on the plane that the older Mills brother told Thomas he had one terrible double toothache. Both lower wisdom teeth were rotted almost to the gum line. They had been aching for more than a month, but Curtis hadn't said a word. "I was going to wait and have them pulled this summer," he told Thomas. "But I haven't been sleeping too good lately. In fact, I haven't been sleeping at all."

Thomas rushed his star to a dentist as soon as the plane landed. "We had the teeth temporarily filled," Thomas said. "We'll have them pulled right after the conference meet. You should have

seen Curtis. The dentist gave him novocain, and when he came out with that needle Curtis' eyes got round as saucers. 'Coach,' he said, 'I won't mind waiting two more weeks.' I told the dentist to fill them, and then I ran."

On Saturday, Thomas wondered what else could go wrong. He soon found out. As a referee, he was up to his neck in two more wild disputes—and both involved his own team. The first came in the 440 relay final, with both the Aggies and Oklahoma State finishing in a meet-record 40 flat but with the Bulova Phototimer print showing A&M the winner by less than a foot.

"Foul," said Oklahoma State Coach Ralph Tate. "I sure don't think much of that Phototimer print. Look at it, Charlie. It was taken when they *lay* the tape, not when they broke it. Your kid [Woods] is still an inch away, and my kid [Earl Harris] is less than 12 inches away. And he was coming. What do you think?"

Oh, no, Charlie Thomas thought. But he studied the print. Then he asked some other people to study it. Then he asked a whole lot of people to study it. "Well," he said finally, "I got to figure that Woods could have gone one inch before Harris ran 12. Texas A&M wins."

"Good call, coach," said Curtis Mills.

Then Texas A&M won the shuttle hurdles relay—and Thomas was on the spot again. The red flag was raised because an official spotted the Michigan State anchor man leaving early. However, the film showed that all four anchor men left early. About two hours later it was decided that the best action was inaction. Texas A&M was still the winner.

Later, after picking up a watch for the 440 relay, Curtis Mills stood around to see if the public-address system was going to whisper any more disasters. Deciding finally that it wasn't, he laughed and turned to leave. "Ha," he said, "did you see old Marvin move out quickly in the 440?" In the 440 Curtis runs the second leg, Marvin the third. "I told him that he hadn't been getting out too good lately. And I still hadn't forgotten that he spiked me yesterday. I told him that if he didn't move out today I was going to run right up his back. Six, maybe 12, spikes in his back. I wasn't going to say a word, just run up and—wham!—blood all over the place. Shoot, he was going so fast today I almost didn't get the baton to him."

END



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## Through a julep glass, darkly

It seems we were wrong indeed if we really expected that last week's two most important races would clarify this week's Kentucky Derby. They mostly succeeded in adding more mud to the muddle. At Keeneland the 35-to-1 shot Dust Commander dragged himself through some wretched slop to win the male-and-an-eighth Blue Grass in the poor time of 1:51 1/2, beating, among others, Corn Off The Cob, Naskra, Protanto and Dr. Behrman. Two days later at Churchill Downs the hero of the Florida season, My Dad George, who is supposed to be a distance horse, beat sprinters at their own game in the seven-furlong Stepping Stone. He has now won his last three, including the Flamingo and Florida Derby, by a nose and two necks.

This week's one-mile Derby Trial, which was expected to bring together High Echelon, George Lewis and Native Royalty, rounded out four months of Derby buildup, the most confusing buildup of many years. The most appropriate summing-up was delivered by Jockey Bill Shoemaker: "Unless they're all outstanding—which is highly unlikely—this is a pretty ordinary bunch."

Ordinary or not, one of them is going to be world famous this Saturday after whipping his rivals at a mile and a quarter before 100,000 live fans and millions more on television. The question is—which one? To solve the riddle one must first attempt to eliminate some of those in an unwieldy field that may not fall far short of the record of 22 entries that was set in 1928. Even if they should start for one reason or another, I say "No chance" to the likes of Supreme Quality, Admiral's Shield, Villager, Fathom, Robin's Bug and Action Gutter.

Questionable starters last week were Aggressively and Naskra. The former came down with a cough and a fever on Blue Grass day, missed several days' work and was scratched from the Derby. Naskra, who finished third, behind Dust Commander and Corn Off The Cob, threw a shoe and injured the wall of one hoof. Should he start, he would

be at a disadvantage. Likewise, only if High Echelon and Native Royalty show great improvement in the trial can they be conceded any chance. An unknown quantity in this sort of competition is Holy Land, winner of three straight at Gulfstream against inferior runners.

Any of the remaining nine probabilities could win, although Dust Commander would have to get a muddy or sloppy track to do his best. He won the Blue Grass because of it and also because the others kindly gave him the rail, where he saved ground all the way. Corn Off The Cob had the lead at the eighth pole and may have lost because of the track. That goes for Naskra, too. Dr. Behrman, obviously not the worst of the 10 in the Blue Grass, still finished last in that slop, which was probably enough to convince Bill Hartack, who rode him, to stack with George Lewis in the Derby. Protanto, who came from ninth to fourth, finished the most impressively.

In the Stepping Stone, My Dad George came from last in the field of six to nail Santa Anita Derby winner Terlago in the last eighth. Both of them ran respectably on a fast track. George Lewis, winner of the California Derby, has responded to treatment for a minor infection, and his connections still believe he is a sprinter (that can be raced).

My own opinion is that the 96th Derby will be won by the colt who shows the most improvement *this* week and not by one who attained a peak two weeks or a month ago. That brings it down to a choice among Personality, Silent Screen and Protanto. Less than a length separated the first two in the Wood Memorial, and both are coming up to this race perfectly. Protanto has won only once in seven races this year but, running without blinkers for a change in the Blue Grass, he proved at last that he's got the hang of things. Out on a limb, I'll say that Protanto, a son of Native Dancer and the Tom Fool mare Foolish One, will come on with a big stretch run to avenge his daddy's only defeat exactly 17 years ago to the very day, May 2.

END



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UNDER LIGHTS AND ON SECURE ASTROTURF, HOFSTRA'S CAUGHS (RIGHT) SCORES ONE OF HIS FIVE GOALS AGAINST AIR FORCE

## *They're not going to like it in Maryland*

After decades of dominion over the sport through turning out the best schoolboy players, the state has lost its grip on the old Indian game, as a massive Long Island program produces a wealth of collage stars

Hofstra University in Hempstead, N.Y., grew up with the Long Island building boom after World War II. Part of its high-rise, poured-concrete campus sits on an airbase abandoned because of the swarming population under the flight patterns. Its other buildings, clustered as snugly as the houses in a subdivision, rest tight against the shoulder of a busy turnpike. Like their fathers who ride the Long Island Railroad and Expressway to work in Manhattan, most of Hofstra's 7,000 students commute, and finding an open parking space at the school can be tougher than passing organic chemistry. Hofstra also reflects Long Island's most unlikely sporting boom, a zooming, postwar growth in lacrosse that has thousands of commuters' sons in Manhasset, Mineola, Massapequa and 60 other suburban communities learning to stickhandle, dodge and pass accurately enough not to break the picture window of the neighbor's three-bedroom split-level.

The Flying Dutchmen regularly play home games at night on a 5400,000 AstroTurf field, much plusher surroundings than the game is accustomed to back home in Baltimore. And while Hofstra is providing lacrosse with its shiniest showplace, the nearby high schools are now supplying the sport with more and

better players than any other part of the country.

As recently as five years ago, the superiority of the Baltimore schoolboy lacrosse player was axiomatic. Maryland youngsters understood stickwork and finesse. Players from other areas, so the line went, missed the essence of the game, using their sticks as weapons and their bodies the way football players did. Hofstra Coach Howdy Myers, who won four consecutive national championships when he coached Johns Hopkins in the late '40s, remembers punts criticizing the aggressive style he taught his players because they felt he was destroying the game. "Maryland lacrosse is like a basketball game," says Myers, who is also the football coach and athletic director at Hofstra. "They want to show you what they can do with their right hand and then show you what they can do with their left. But they don't want any contact."

Ferris Thomsen, who played and coached in Maryland for 30 years before beginning a 20-year tenure at Princeton, agrees with Myers. "They'll probably hang me when I go back to Baltimore," he says, "but I've got a brother who's a federal judge down there and he'll protect me. All you have to do is look at the major college rosters and All-

America teams the past couple of years and you'll see that the Long Island boys outnumber the ones from Maryland. First, they've got so many more kids playing on the Island now. Also, I think high school boys are tougher than your prep school kids. In Maryland most of the players are from prep schools, and it's all high schools on Long Island. Maryland won't like hearing it, but the Island passed them five years ago."

There are lacrosse leagues for boys 8 years of age on Long Island now, and most high schools have farm teams in the junior highs in their districts. There are summer leagues for all ages, including one for college players in which most of the teams are sponsored by bars, and the play is particularly aggressive. Baltimore Community College and the Mount Washington Club of Baltimore were once unbeatable in junior college and club lacrosse. The past two seasons BCC has been soundly defeated by Nassau Community College, and the Long Island A.C., has taken Mount Washington's place as the club champion.

Army, which shared the collegiate title with Johns Hopkins in 1969, was the preseason favorite to win the championship again this year, with a team that has 15 players on its roster from Long Island and only two from Mary-

land. "The players from the Island are now every bit as good as the Maryland boys in their stickwork," says Army Coach Al Pisano, a graduate of Mineola High. "And they have that added tradition that the Long Island player is a little tougher."

Among Army's strongest challengers, only Virginia and Navy are predominantly Baltimore teams. Creeping Long Islandism is particularly strong in the state of Maryland, itself. Forty percent of Johns Hopkins' squad is from New York, and 15 of the University of Maryland's 33 players are Long Islanders.

Lacrosse was introduced to Long Island's public high schools when Jay Serranahan, then a math and social-studies teacher in Manhasset, formed a team there in 1932. By 1959 the number had increased to 10 schools. In the years between, Serranahan had had a player named Jimmy Brown, who many believe was better at lacrosse than football, and Sewanhaka High School in Floral Park gave an indication of things to come. Sewanhaka ran off a 91-game winning streak, twice defeating Baltimore's best prep team during that period.

Since 1980 high school teams have been sprouting in New York's suburbs as fast as Levitt houses. It is an attitude peculiar to lacrosse that nearly everyone involved in the sport is a fiery propagandist for it. "We did everything we could to promote the game," says Sewanhaka Coach Bill Rich. "We gave equipment to other schools and we kept putting pressure on athletic directors. Baseball and track coaches didn't like us much, but a lot of the football coaches thought at first it might be a good way to sneak in some spring training."

At the same time, former Long Island schoolboy players were being graduated in large numbers from local universities like Hofstra and from the state teachers' college at Cortland, N.Y., both of which had begun lacrosse programs shortly after World War II. They joined the faculties of suburban high schools, forming cells of lacrosse enthusiasts across the Island. "They persuaded their schools to start teams," says Rich. "And they gave us what we needed the most to improve the quality of the game here—good coaching."

In a 50-mile radius around Hofstra's location in the population center of Long Island there are 5,000 boys playing high school lacrosse. Last year Hofstra earned

approximately \$25,000 in admissions and rentals for lacrosse games on its AstroTurf field even though Long Island's spectator enthusiasm is still much lower than Baltimore's. With as many as four games a day on the field, 111 matches at all age levels were played at Hofstra last spring and summer.

The only lacrosse addict on Long Island who is not fully enjoying the sport's growth is Howdy Myers. His area's players are heavily recruited by schools as far away as last week's rival, Air Force, the second of three consecutive Saturday-night opponents from the service academies. Hofstra suffers from its image as a commuter college and from the high tuition it must charge as a private institution. That should change soon. Hofstra now has six 14-story dorms, all easily as up to date as AstroTurf, and two years ago it tendered its first lacrosse scholarships. The synthetic field should help, too. Perhaps more than in any sport, the artificial surface improves the action, eliminating the muddy condition when ground balls become impossible to field and the players seem to be sitting slop with their sticks. Balls bounce truer and slightly higher than on grass, and the better footing permits trickier dodging. "The players are all quicker on the AstroTurf, an average of two-tenths of a second faster over 40 yards," says Myers. The bounce pass, used only as a desperation tactic on irregular grass fields, may become as standard on AstroTurf as it is in basketball.

Even without the best Long Island players, Hofstra's record against a tough schedule was 8-3 after a 9-3 victory over Air Force last weekend. The Dutchmen's fine all-around player, Midfielder Billy Haslow, comes from lacrosse-crazy East Meadow, N.Y., but attended a Catholic high school that had no team. He took it up as a Hofstra freshman, rather than buck the rigorous spring calisthenics program Myers requires of football players. Haslow has developed good stickwork and a hard shot to go along with his football-trained toughness.

And where does a Long Island coach find a shifty, high-scoring attackman after the other schools have finished raiding his home territory? Hofstra's offense leader, Steve Daines, who had five goals against Air Force to run his season's total to 25, has been playing lacrosse since he was in junior high school back as Baltimore, Md.

END

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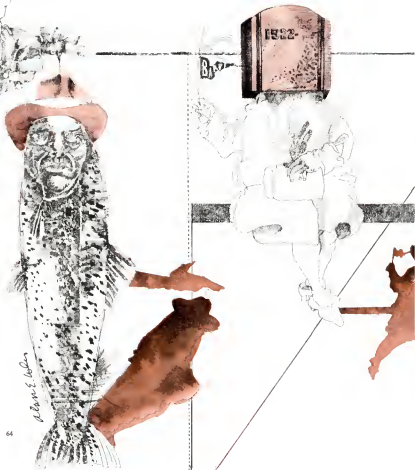


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*John E. Wain*

Great truths about this country cannot be deduced from one man's observations of sport and life in Lewistown, Mont., Barre, Vt., Hastings, Neb. or Valdosta, Ga. But, as winter turns to spring and the trout and Cards come home, small truths emerge

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

# A Brief Search for America



CONTINUED

I first met Sloan in front of the old railroad depot in Lewistown, Mont., where the tracks are overgrown and the Boy Scouts have a wishing well in which they hold hostage a lovely nine-pound rainbow trout. The trout no longer spooks at sudden shadows, just lazily swims around, swims around, growing insolent and indecently fat. He was wearing a shapeless brown felt hat—Sloan, not the trout—and a gray suit coat and a green striped shirt and tie that nearly matched and a pair of khaki pants. Many washings had bleached the khaki until it was translucent, like an underexposed negative. I know now that Sloan dresses as he does—half vintage Hart Schaffner & Marx, half Army-Navy surplus—because he has made up his mind that the call to fish will never catch him with his trousers down.

Sloan is 65 or 70, limby and nimble as a mountain goat. The itch to see the horizon has been on him since he was very young. He believes most Westerners have it, a fundamental vestige of the frontier that throbs in their veins, but that they hide it in the folds of the new conservatism. He has been a boomer all his life, Sloan. Moving around. Riding boxcars. Tending bar. Bootlegging whiskey. Dealing out playing cards in smoky hideaways. Once, in a desperate time, he scratched for gold in a place where the gold had long since gone.

Now he sells Irish Sweepstakes tickets in Sacramento, Calif. and, when the fever is on him and he feels he must return again to the palaces at Reno and Las Vegas or come home to Lewistown for the trout season or a round of deer hunting, he turns the sweepstakes book over to the new woman in his life, "a precious young thing, fair and sweet as a rose."

Standing over the wishing well that first day in Lewistown, the first day of a far-flung and loosely charted course across the country, was an unsung spincaster from the East with a pocketful of brand-new flies with strange inspirational names like "Ginger Quill" and "Sandy Mite." Sloan came loping down Main Street from the direction of a large pile of blackened wood, the gutted remains of an old flour mill. I could see his big lobe ears and long chin flickering in the dimpled wake of that lovely unfrightened rainbow trout.

Sloan had left Lewistown in 1922, but had come back almost every year since to resume negotiations with the fish. Big Spring Creek, his primary stamping ground, runs through and under Lewistown, a tributary of the Judith River that in turn bleeds down from a confluence with the Missouri River farther north. The creek pumps 62,000 gallons a minute of "the finest drinking water in the world," a designation favored by Lewistown pamphleteers and sign makers, into the pipes and bellies of the town. The water is clear and ice cold and 99.8% pure. It is enough water to sustain a city of 500,000 and therefore is a surfeit for Lewistown's dwindling 9,500. Lewistown's spiritual sustenance as well as its life's fluid is in that ruffling silver

stream. And there are those, like Sloan, who will swear to its preeminence as a fishing hole. Only the day before, Sloan said, he personally extracted 19 rainbows, all of legal length and eating size.

"I thought the limit was 10," I said.

"Well, it was a cold day. Thirty-five degrees. On a crazy day crazy people catch crazy fish. I am well aware that I am nine trout in the public debt, but I have a sister in Great Falls who broils fish in butter with chives and garlic salt. I will bring her a package this weekend."

Not many syllables after that I was able to talk Sloan into assisting me in the search for truth and trout. He piled into my rented car and directed me to a spot not far below the State Fish Hatchery.

A perfect place: braising water, good dark holes, a deep, stone-lined run a man could make a cast in without being cramped. Sloan told me to keep my store-bought flies dry. He hauled out a couple of home-tied enchantresses he called "Brown Bombers," and nimbly tied them on my line and his. First in, he laid on delicately to a piece of water that looked too open and shallow to me. Almost immediately there was a wank on the surface and a mottled glistening cylinder of flesh rose mightily to the fly. Line and muscles tightened, Sloan leaning into it instinctively, and the battle joined—short, sweet and one-sided. The trout, a four-pound brookie, was broad on its side in short order.

"Trout fishing," said Sloan, "is 75% finding them." He put the catch in the slatted coffin he carries on his hip. "I do not fish for trout where they ain't no trout."

It was, so near to town, clearly a hard-fished stream, though we were the only ones on this stretch that afternoon, but Sloan caught 10 to my three before we were done. After I had lost two in a row and handled a third clankily, being too big with it, Sloan turned to me with his good left eye (the other wanders in his head like a blue molecule under a laboratory glass) and said, "Just what are you doing way out here?"

"Sloan," I said, "you won't believe this, but I have come to see America."

Sloan sat down on the bank and put his shoulder blades against a large boulder. Behind him, its leaves clattering in the soft air, was the yellowest aspen I had ever seen, so shimmering yellow in the sun it made me blink.

"I thought it was something exciting like that," he said, affecting a yawn. "Big-city people don't come to little towns like Lewistown unless they're really fishermen, which you aren't, or just nosing around looking for an Interstate, an artifact or a ghost."

Sloan then launched into a lengthy morality sketch in which he took the role of the guy raised in a small town where doors are never locked and free breathing can be accomplished without gauze over the nose. This guy eventually tries the big city, lured by the prospect of becoming a teen-age millionaire as sure as the greedy trout is lured



to the nudge on the surface. He goes and he lashes himself to the opportunities and the muted multitudes and the sophisticated thrills, and often enough he is gone forever. "A few come back," said Sloan, "but they all like to try. And here's the point: people from big cities would never trust themselves to try a small town. I mean to live in one. When the urge comes you never hear anybody say, 'Let's pack up and move to Lewistown, Montana.' No, they say, 'Let's move to Los Angeles.' So they never get the feel for life the small-town guy has."

The exact center of Montana is a spot on a kitchen sink in a house in Lewistown. The land was made for ranchers and farmers; Lewistown needs them more than they need Lewistown. In the late fall, when the earth is opened in long deep slashes to receive the seed, the smell of the land reaches into the city. The Lewis and Clark trail once passed near here, and so did Blackfoot, Crow and Shoshone. Now the Crow are on a reservation near the Little Big Horn and pan-faced Blackfoot girls with bouffant hairdos lean against the tavern walls of Great Falls. The Indian Problem is for other towns and the foreign government at Washington.

A town's character, like a man's, is shaped early, often by the stress under which it is born. Lewistown was born poor. It sprouted in 1881 out of an old trading post named Reed's Fort, its nativity unblessed and unheralded, only recorded, like a booking in a seaport log. Shipped by hard truth, the people of Lewistown take life without varnish. Lewistown historians sternly point out that C. M. Russell, the famed cowboy artist, made the town sheriff's blotter twice, once for gambling and once for assault. A Lewistown man who knew him says that whenever he saw Charley Russell he was full of lice.

The antelope and elk were already coming out of the foothills when I got to Lewistown. Pushed along by the advancing frostline, they could be seen grazing specula-

tively beside the snow fences and the great bunkers of packaged hay—ever closer to the guns of the townspeople. No self-respecting Lewistown male goes the season without getting his buck, and he prepares for that moment—restoring equipment, hoarding shells—as diligently as he prepares for the drastic Montana winter.

Main Street, Lewistown is a log chute swooping down into town from a blinking light on U.S. 87. In its infancy the city was laid out on a bus to accommodate existing fence lines. Not even the natives are sure which way is north. Downtown, bankers and storekeepers and bow-legged ranchers in Stetson hats greet on first-name basis. Copenhagen Snuff is a big seller at the City, a combination drugstore, gun shop, pool hall and gin-rummy parlor. On the magazine racks respectable Lewistown housewives can catch up on cosmopolitan adventures just by scanning the covers: "Bedroom Hopscooting Among Young Adults"; "Nudity Can Save Your Marriage."

In the afternoon the kids come into the City to shoot pool, and the old men, divided from the young by the gun rack, play gin rummy in loud voices. The kindly justice of the peace who owns the place is known as the hanging judge by the kids. He sentences them to haircuts.

The town's civic ramrod is an immaculate white-haired little man with a Chaplinesque mustache named Cooley. Charlie Cooley is the local Chevrolet dealer. He is 75, and he has looked at life from both sides. As a boy he ran errands and trimmed the lamps for a house madam in Virginia City. Later he was a mucker in the hotboxes of the mines. One of the great lessons of his life was learned at the pleasure house. "I saw nothing. I heard nothing. I told nothing." He says it has helped him in business. The mayor was in a swivet when I was there over the city council's refusal to allocate funds for a pellet gun he needed to shoot the pigeons off his roof.

At the first tempering of dawn the next day I was deep into a platter of pancakes at the Germ Cafe when four men came in and with a good-natured clattering of chairs took the table next to mine. One was a Negro, the proprietor of an auto-repair shop. Two wore cowboy boots and were geared for the range. The fourth, leading the conversation, was a man in a pharmacist's jacket, though his conversational style was more like a dentist's drill.

The pharmacist had gone down that weekend to see Montana State University play football. He said he liked to make a regular thing of catching a col-

*continued*



lege game every five or six years. "Just so I can really tie one on. Get sloshed and have a time." The trouble was, he said, he didn't get much out of those games because he couldn't keep track of the ball.

"On TV they show you right where it is all the time. In person I can't follow the ball. I mean in those college games. I don't have that trouble here with Don's team. They fumble the ball enough so you can keep an eye on it."

From that ringing endorsement, I could not wait to get around to see the Lewistown high football players at practice that afternoon. They were a handful—25 or 30—and they were working out at a field that was tiered on one side, like an amphitheater. The team's distinctive wardrobe included a wide variety of jersey colors and irregular pants. Every now and then a player would reach down and toss a rock off the field.

The coach's name was Don Perkins, a shiny-eyed man moving into middle age with a gray-on-black crew cut and a flashy, worthwhile nose. The high nasal quality of the Midwest was in his voice. What I was staring at, he said, was a drive-in football stadium, perhaps the only one of its kind. There were enough spaces on the three levels to park 150 cars and, theoretically, keep a thousand people from freezing to death on a Montana Friday night.

The coach said he earned about 25 men on the varsity, but that was academic because he never cut anybody. His star halfback was a boy named Schultz who was in the upper 10% of his class and planned to run off to California to be an engineer at the first opportunity. The other players called Schultz "Rosey Hands" because they said his hands were always pink from dropping passes.

Perkins came from Minnesota to be the Lewistown coach and has been on the job 15 years. He said by now he was comfortable in it. Yes, even happy. He figured out one year that his annual coach's stipend (\$800 over his salary as a biology teacher) broke down to 32¢ an hour. After that he never wanted to figure it out again. In 1964 his team did something outrageous: It went undefeated. "People didn't know how to act," he said. "Everybody wanted to give us a banquet. I finally had to tell them to stop giving us banquets."

On the far corner of the field was some flat, unpretentious construction that appeared to be progressing very slowly. Perkins said it was a new warmup house he had asked the school to spring for. Evidently 1964 was too long ago to be remembered. A civil suit was holding up completion of the warmup house.

Perkins would get the warmup house eventually. He also had an order in for 10 new helmets for the jayvee team next year. He thought he'd get those, too. No, he didn't think they'd be getting a new stadium any time soon. He said he really couldn't complain, because the school itself was 50 years old. As we walked along the sidelines I stopped for a drink of water. It was fine. Probably the best in the world.

We grow farther apart and we grow closer together. Regional idioms are almost gone, regional dialects melding fast—smooth-talked out of our mouths by the great one-language surgeons of network radio and television. The throbbing roads level the tastes of the land. The national dish is pizza pie and dairy freeze. Everything comes in cellophane or frozen. A&W is a kids' hangout in Lewistown, Mont., and Barre, Vt.—and Hastings, Neb.

**T**he young man at the airport wore a brown suit that seemed to shine and a paisley tie, and his wing-tip shoes were scuffed. He was considering a promotion that would take him to Florida to live, but at a "temporary" pay out of 40%. "I wish," he said, "somebody would tell me what to do." Once he played football and drove a seed truck in Hastings, and now he won't be coming back. "People here resist change," he said. "I hated it when I grew up here and I hate it now."

I gave an old woman a lift into town from the airport. The Great Plains were bleached by the winter's bite and ugly as a bedsore, with no background to give them relief. The old woman's postman husband had made his rounds by horse and buggy; on bad days, just on horse. But he is gone, and so is the town they lived in. Now she travels to see her children in Georgia and Honolulu and finds kids crazy. "How can they study and have the television, the tape recorder and the record player on at one time?" She said people today are missing the contentment she knew.

The parking ticket cost 25¢ in Hastings. The cop who collected it apologized. He said it used to be a nickel. The teacher in the basement classroom at the \$3 million high school was a balding ex-football coach. The generation gap did not scare him. He said if there were no generation gap the old couldn't teach the young anything. The thing that scared him was that if the gap got too wide the kids he loves to teach would become "the other side," and then he would not want to teach anymore.

Johnny Hopp drove. It was seven below zero and he was taking this cold-footed man from the East to a steak dinner at the country club. He was taking the long way so that he could show the scenes of his childhood and the new configurations of brick and steel that mark the march of a town's progress away from the decaying core. The sign on U.S. 6 said: "Welcome to Hastings Pop. 25,000 Sertoma Lions Kiwanis Optimist Clarke Hotel."

At 53 Hopp, the ex-Cardinal, had aged gracefully. His belly was still taut under his impeccable tailoring, and his hair, combed straight back in a style popular in the '40s, called (by boys in the '50s) the Eddie Cantor, had thinned only marginally. The lines in his face gave him away; a geometry of lines from squinting up at pop flies.

"That's Duncan Field," Johnny Hopp said. The ball

*continued*

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**Peach:** add  $\frac{1}{2}$  peach. Mix in blender.

**Orange:** add 1 oz. orange juice. Blend.

**Banana:** basic recipe plus  $\frac{1}{2}$  banana (or 1 tbsp. banana liqueur.) Blend.

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**PUERTO RICAN RUM**

park had the comfortable beaten-down look of a favorite pillow. The light columns stood out against the gunmetal sky. "Yogi Berra played a game there as a kid, for an American Legion team. I understand he hit a home run they still talk about. It was a helluva drive. Even in a Cadillac it was a helluva drive."

Sieve McQueen was showing at the Strand. Double-O Seven was at the Rivoli. The movie heroes march two by two across the country, as binding to the culture as the highways are to the economy. The car radio announced the Hastings chill factor at 35° below zero.

"My father had a bar in Hastings, Hopp's Tavern," said Johnny. "My grandfather used to ride to town on his bike to the bar, and when he was finished he'd push the bike home. When the season was over and I'd come back, people would come around to the bar and say, 'How's Johnny doing?' 'Hell, I dunno. Go see for yourself. He's up on the Platte River, hunting.'"

After Johnny Hopp made it to the major leagues it looked like he would never let go. He played 13 years, a long time. One year he hit .340. Of the high-paid stars of today only a handful ever hit .340. But he was in a lesser constellation. The most he ever made was \$30,000. He was known for longevity, for speed afoot, and he could always catch a fly ball. "No one epitomizes the Cardinal spirit like Johnny Hopp," a columnist in St. Louis wrote in 1942 when the Cardinals retrieved a pennant after being 10½ games behind the Dodgers in August.

The Cards had Johnny Hopp first, and then the Braves, Pirates, Yankees and Detroit Tigers owned him. He played in five World Series and had a lifetime batting average of .296. That is better than people like Frank Howard or Harmon Killebrew will end up with, but they hit balls in the bleacher seats and Johnny Hopp played a different game called hustle. Hustle does not negotiate especially high when the average starts to slide.

Everyone knew where the great DiMaggio spent his years after 1951; those implacable journalists of sport, the nerve endings of his vast following, would not allow him to go uninvited in his privacy. The DiMaggios of baseball do not fade away, they only die. Or reincarnate as managers. But what of the Johnny Hopp? Are they all up hunting on the Platte River?

"I ride the state for the Kansas-Nebraska National Gas Company," said Hopp. "I have a car and an expense account, and I do public relations, put out a magazine, make speeches, hold clinics for kids, that kind of thing. I'm active in civic affairs. I'm luckier than a lot of guys. I hunt and I fish and I play golf. I don't watch baseball. Oh, I might see a World Series game if I'm home for lunch and can catch a couple innings on the television. Never been a sitter. That's one reason I live here—15 minutes to the hunting, 15 minutes to the fishing."

A sign by the road invited travelers to purchase "Appaloosas and Apples." A motel marquee made an equally

diversified offer: "Chinese Food and Breakfast." A Union Pacific Railroad freight train groaned across the viaduct at Burlington Avenue.

"I dreaded the day I wouldn't play," continued Johnny Hopp. "I couldn't imagine not playing ball anymore. Then, in the winter of '52, the contract didn't come in the mail [Detroit, Dec. 23 (AP)]—The Detroit Tigers announced today the unconditional release of Johnny Hopp, the 36-year-old ...] and that was the way it was done. Twenty years of baseball, and then no baseball. That year I buried myself into the golf driving range I had, and later I took a job as a coach for the Tigers, and I coached a year for the Cards. Then I didn't get a contract in the mail again. That one was not as hard. I'd be lying to you if I said I didn't miss it, but life goes on. Things work out."

An executive for the club Hopp had played for longest came to Hastings after that on business. "He had always told me how much he admired me, how much he appreciated the way I played, all-out all the time. He said I'd always have a job in baseball."

"He was in Hastings three days. He never called to say hello."

**B**arre, Vt., Pop. 11,100. The Granite Center of the World, Granite for topping people off when they are dead. Everybody has to be first at something. The town grows lengthwise, tight to a vine of concrete designated as U.S. Route 302 out of Montpelier. Snow dusts the road and is piled high on either side. It is 20° below zero. Ice, snow and endless non-color.

Coca-Cola Bottling Company, Mercedes-Benz, Moose Lodge 1391, Del's Pizza—polyps newly grown to the vine. A&W Root Beer is closed for the season. The owner has gone to Florida. A clanking orange snowplow leads the way into town, ripping off the crust. The traveler has been told Barre is the hottest sports spot in the state. In context, that is a curious adjective. It has been below freezing for every hour save two since Christmas.

The lights are on at midday. Nest, ancient high-gabled houses. People move in, out, in again, and the population goes unaltered. No slums. No lounges. No Negroes. No YMCA. "Say, son, what do you do here to keep your mind off your freezing feet?" "Hunt rabbits." "And?" "Race snowmobiles—40, 50 miles an hour. Faster at night. You can be braver at night."

The auditorium is up a side street from the main road on the crest of a steep glassy hill. It had been erected in 1939, a monument overlooking the city, and had acquired the well-used look of a place that has seen the comings and goings of operettas, politicians, Harlem Globetrotters and Gorgous Georges.

A high-booted man in a quilted jacket was sweeping the snowdust from the entranceway, looking, alone in that

*continued*





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gray perspective, like the last curler on earth. He said he couldn't be sure of the principals but there was, indeed, a big basketball game tonight and to arrive early because the place would be jumping. He said this without looking up from the business end of his broomstick.

With time to burn, I went for coffee at one of the glass-aluminum specialty food huts found on every main street. In a doughty mood brought on by the prodding cold, I ordered two cream-filled chocolate-covered coconut-coated donuts and bent myself like a palm over my steaming coffee to eavesdrop.

Two men in oil-company uniforms were sallying over the departure of a bearded young man in a maxi-length fur coat. The young man had just walked out with a bag of donuts and a German shepherd on a leash. I could see him through the plate glass, piling his dog into a green Ford with New York license plates. A snub-nosed blonde girl was behind the wheel. The young man was topped off by such an extravagant amount of wrinkly hair that he appeared to be an extension of his own coat.

"A Goddard man, all right," said the younger of the oilmen. "The only way to go to college. Go to class whenever you like. Say whatever you want in class. Lay it on the old professor. Free thinking. Free love. Boy! Real shav . . . a-van . . ."

"Garde."

"Only rule they have, the girls have to be out of the boys' rooms by 4 a.m."

"Why's that?"

"It's the rule. I dunno, it's the rule. So they can get a couple hours sleep before class. But you get over there at 6, you can still catch the changing of the guard."

"Seems to me you know an awful lot about it for a disinterested party."

The younger man grinned.

My rations were delivered, cash on the barrel, but I was short the change and the waitress couldn't break a \$10 bill. A man in a business suit on the far side of the counter offered \$7 for my \$10 in a straight cash deal. "That's a Vermont special," he said. "Try fleeing a Vermont man and that'll happen to you."

When the oilmen had left I asked the businessman about the Goddard crowd. The school was only a few miles away: were Barre's mothers concerned?

"No, not really. They're actually pretty intelligent kids from wealthy families—New York and Massachusetts. They're not demented or anything, just ashamed they're not as miserable as they think they ought to be. Maybe we'd be better off not trying to understand them so much. We'll wear them out trying to understand them."

Early enough, I retracked up the glass hill and found a parking place across from the auditorium in a field closed in by parapets of plowed, crustied snow. I was directed upstairs to the "adult" section, being assured by the usher I

would be less comfortable at floor level (students) unless I had a strong car for one team or the other. I took an aisle seat in the second row of the balcony.

The auditorium filled quickly. In front of me a boy in a red athletic sweater, perhaps 17, with long black sideburns, was deep in communication with the light of his life, a plumpish girl with bone-whale hair flattened against her head. Behind me settled a family of fans whose instructional chief was a graying man in a parka and a yellow tie and chukka boots.

I could not have been luckier. The man was a hope chest of information. He soon had our area apprised of the local team's precarious position. This was, as I had hoped, a grudge match, the big game between home-town Spaulding and Montpelier High. Both were unbeaten in the conference. "At home," said the man, "Montpelier is 15 points better. But not here."

A black-haired woman, once pretty but loosened from her beauty by time and maternity, took the seat to my left, squeezing in with her son. The boy looked about 10 and as he sat down he gave a hair-raising impersonation of a busted steam valve, a cheer he was to repeat often during the game. The woman waved at some friends to my right, and politely wished me a good evening.

The game began, and after that the profound stomping and yelling slackened only enough to renew itself in rolling waves of sound. The players exulted over every basket and were devastated by every miss. Foul calls were signals for surges of indignation, usually led by the coaches. No foul call was justified. Mandibles jumping, the Montpelier coach parolled the sidelines, posturing and calling signals and beseeching referees. He was so far-ranging that once he wound up in front of the Barre bench. Realizing where he was, he did a perfect double-take, as though suddenly awakened from a dream walk.

The game was close at the start. "At it, attaboy Louis!" shouted the information center behind me. He knew all the players by their first names. "Get those hands up Gary. . . . At it, at it, spread 'em out!" Then, at a modulation better suited to instruct us: "See that Timmy? He knows what he's doing. We're gonna box that No. 23 out, that Cody kid. He's their top player—we've got to box him out."

We nodded our agreement.

A Barre player, clutching his stomach, took himself out of the game, cramped with emotion. He sat down and bent over and someone put a towel over his head. I had forgotten how intense and how exciting teen-age children at sport can be. And how wonderfully superior community involvement in sport is to that tenuous relationship the big-city fan has with his professional team. Those were the neighbor boys out there, and the boy friends and sons and nephews, and up here were the dads and moms and brothers and teachers and best girls, and the link was through the heart and in the blood. In contrast, the other

*continued*





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is an illusive, one-sided romance, the supporter having to half-imagine communion with the athlete, and the athlete only vaguely aware who is behind those claps and boos.

It is popular just now to think of participant sport as superior, performance, to spectator sport. No one would disagree that the specimen adult American—desperate for exercise—is better off playing two sets of tennis than nesting two hours in a box seat. But that is a purely physical argument, and what I am talking about is an exercise of the soul. Once, in a little Mormon town in Utah, I saw this at its fullest bloom: a whole town loving and loved by its high-school basketball team. Years later—six, to be exact—I received a letter from one of the players on that team. He remembered I had been there just for a visit and he was writing to tell me of the untimely death of his father. He thought I would like to know.

My information from the rear was correct. The Barre team was not as good as the Montpelier team. But in its failing it demonstrated a strong willingness to survive, like a non-swimmer treading water, and actually led by a point after the first quarter. The boy in the red sweater in front of me took advantage of each peak period of excitement to put the clinch on his girl friend. That way it looked like cheering.

In the second quarter our hopes for Barre soon deteriorated. Montpelier began to open up a lead.

"Press 'em! Press 'em!" implored the man behind me.

"Press 'em!" I yelled, surprising myself.

A Barre boy, Timmy, stole a Montpelier pass and dribbled madly downcourt.

"Attaboy, Timmy!" said the man, leaping up. "He'll get the ball for you, that Timmy."

Timmy, too madly, let the ball slip out of his hands and out of bounds.

"He'll also lose it for you," said the man.

Barre continued to grow sloppier. It could have used the surer hands of the boy in the red sweater. By halftime the issue was as good as resolved. Barre trailed by seven. As five unsmiling, sturdily constructed baton twirlers trundled onto the court I struck up a conversation with the woman on my left.

She said she had only recently returned from Tucson, Ariz., where she had lived 10 years, nine of them without a husband. She had kept a loaded gun in her closet after a man was bludgeoned to death 150 feet from her house. In a city of 250,000 she felt quarantined, and ached with homesickness. Home was Montpelier, and the names and faces



of the boys on the Montpelier team were all familiar to her, though she had never seen them. A small town's athletic families are self-perpetuating. Fred Smith grows up to look like his brother Ed or his father Ted and the family athletic pride melds into the pride for school. "The Cody boys—they're Syrian," she said. "They've always been fine athletes. There's a section in Montpelier we call Codyville because there are so many Cods."

"When you are from Montpelier, you think of Barre people as rowdies. This is the blue-collar crowd. Montpelier's the capital, you know, and we always felt we got a better upbringing over there. Now I live in Barre and I hear the other side. Barre

people think Montpelier people charge everything and don't pay their bills."

The teams were back on the floor and the noise was picking up. Half shouting, I asked if she had any other qualms about coming home again.

"Only one," she said.

"Yes?"

She hesitated, and turned her eyes to the game. For a time I did not think she was going to answer. When she did, I could barely hear her.

"... Aren't enough single men," she said.

The game ended, Barre a loser by 16 points. The Cody boy scored 32 points. Codyville would jump tonight. Our side's exit from the auditorium was a funeral procession. Two wet-eyed boys barely in their teens stood at the edge of the parking lot, searching the crowd for a hostile face. In the time-honored tradition of high-school kids and grudge games, a mouse under the eye is a badge of honor at school on Monday morning and they had made up their minds to try for a pound of flesh. "If one comes at you, kick him in the —," one boy instructed the other.

In some parking lots I have been in, in New York and Washington, words like that would have been the prelude to real trouble. Knives, perhaps, and chains, and then sirens in the night. In Barre, Vt., the only trouble I encountered was getting my rented car through the one break in the snowbound parking lot. Skillfully maneuvering, taking chances, intimidating others—parking lots bring out the natural sporting instinct in all Americans—I was able to avoid by two being the last car out.

On Route 302 I gave a young hitchhiker a lift toward Montpelier. He was probably 13 years old and he was wearing neither gloves nor overcoat nor hat, only a tufted leather jacket. His cheeks were chapped rouge-red. He said he

*continued*

had just come from washing dishes at a restaurant where they pay a buck an hour, and was going to join his dad for a night ride on the family snowmobile.

"She's a Panther," he said. "Seventy-five miles an hour. Makes 15-foot jumps. We're in a club. They have races and everything. You ought to try one out."

I did the next morning, and in the afternoon as I flew out of Burlington the jet dipped its wing to the south and I could see in the snow the ruts and tracks of the sport. I had made my mark on Vermont and it would last, in that refrigerator, at least to spring.

**E**arly in this narrative I presented the football coach of Fergus County High, Lewistown, Mont. as a man who earned his \$32 an hour. That is what he figured he got for coaching football one season. If he seemed to be offered up as a novel specimen, I apologize. His drive-in football stadium might be novel: he isn't. As a group, high-school coaches are all waiting to get their rewards in heaven because as long as they are high-school coaches they are going to be underpaid on earth. But there are exceptions. . . .

Interstate 75, a thundering tape measure marking the miles from Sault Ste. Marie to St. Petersburg, skirts Valdosta, Ga. to the west, expediting the escape route to the sands of Florida and taking the play away from old U.S. 41, a more serene, edifying conveyor. A voice named Benton is making the car radio tremble: "... ray-nee night in Jaw-juh ... ray-nee mawlight in Jaw-juh ... it seems like it's raynin' all over the world. . . ."

Ahead of me the folds in the earth rise penitently. Tobacco country, and soybeans and cotton and pines that yield the gum turpentine. Spanish moss hangs from the trees like bridal trains, recalling the wedding of the people to an older, mellower time.

"Welcome to Valdosta. Church of Christ one-half block."

The churches are gleaming white. They seem to be everywhere, two to a block. The police cars are white, the streets clean, the society stratified: 10% control about 90% of the wealth. Langdale, Strickland and Goodloe are names to know, or to be reckoned with.

In the center of town the marble statue is of a soldier in anachronistic fighting gear. The statue was erected in 1911. The inscription says it was dedicated to "Our Confederate dead. CSA." White people, hanging to the thread, do not want to give up their heritage either. In the year 1969 some black people raised the roof over the playing of *Dixie* at high-school sporting events. Whites blamed "outside agitators."

Despite ax-handle rhetoric from the state capital, the integration of Valdosta High School has gone smoothly. The school was one of the first to be integrated in the

state and it was a balanced, meaningful integration. The Valdosta High School football team, the best team in Georgia year after year, is coached by a man named Wright Bazemore. Bazemore does not have stars. He only has boys he considers his children. Fifteen percent of his children are black.

I missed the hunting I had hoped to have with Wright Bazemore. I got there too late on a Saturday afternoon and he had already gone and returned.

"Get your birds?" I asked.

"Got me a few."

"What's a few—the limit?"

"Yes." He smiled.

"Well, maybe we can try tomorrow."

"I'm a Christian," he said.

"Yes?"

"I don't hunt on Sunday. I go to church on Sunday."

To fill you in on all of Wright Bazemore's qualifications might be a fairly suffocating thing, but for those who cannot resist box scores, a medium-length rundown is offered.

Wright Bazemore is now 53 years old. He is, in middle age, not imposing to look at—a moderate to small man with gray hair and buttoning ears, and a rather nice smile under licorice eyebrows. He is shy and lets his wife do most of the talking in mixed groups. He was born 60 miles up the road in Fitzgerald, where he once scored 10 touchdowns in two high-school football games. He went on to play at Mercer when Mercer was taking lessons from teams like Army and Navy and Georgia Tech.

Wright has been coaching the Valdosta High football team for 29 years. He did not have to die to get into the Georgia Hall of Fame, because his teams won 266 out of 313 games and 14 state championships. No, he rode in on a wave of adoration. Four trophy cases crowd the school halls and are crammed with little gold men kicking footballs, old retired jerseys and half-deflated footballs that have scores like 48-0 and 54-6 painted on them. (Winning isn't everything. Total annihilation can be fun, too.)

Since I had missed the hunting, Wright said there was no need for me to miss supper and took me to his house for hamburgers with the family. His wife, Betta, was prone to be informative. She talked about the country's debt to the Negro and how it was being paid in Valdosta, but admitted to an honest concern about having to drive her daughter across town next year to what had been an all-Negro school. I have seen the uneasiness everywhere. Busing is fine until the horn toots for race.

The subject of her concern was a slim, very dark-eyed girl who was on the verge of becoming beautiful. Every time the telephone rang the girl was the first one to it. The family was having trouble keeping boys off her scent. The boy at the table, her brother, had a strong jaw and a curl on his forehead—"a straight-A student," Mrs. Bazemore

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said—and only recently was a regular linebacker on Wright Bazemore's varsity.

After dinner Wright drove me around to meet Dynamite Goodloe, a town hero. I had heard about Dynamite Goodloe but I didn't know he was one of the Goodloes. Dynamite was relaxed in a chair in his sprawling ranch-style house, wearing a monogrammed T shirt and dungarees and chewing on a pipe. Even in repose he was a striking figure, almost a perfect square, maybe five six or seven, 240 pounds. Despite his physique, he had been an outstanding athlete: football at Georgia Tech and an enviable record in amateur golf. When Wright first started coaching at Valdosta High, Dynamite used to come around and scrimmage with the team. Without pads.

Coffee was served, and Dynamite began talking about "this man" Wright Bazemore and what he had done. And Wright just sat there quietly and listened. As I understand it, it had worked thus way:

Wright Bazemore's effect on Valdosta was not to make football the logical focal point of a town's pride, but to make football the town's passion, its purpose. Kids in cradles were rocked toward the day they would be in on the program. The program, which Wright had set up as city schools' athletic director, consisted of junior-high-school teams that were fully equipped and played 10-game schedules. These fed the 95-member high-school varsity. (I could not help but think of Don Perkins and his meager 25 in Lewistown, Mont.) For the varsity there were no rags, only riches. A Touchdown Club was organized, at \$10 a member, and the club donated \$3,500 a year so that Wright could take 110 players to a deluxe two-week football camp in the summer. The club provided 35¢ a plate so that each player could have chops and steaks when other kids in school were eating tuna-fish.

Wright's abilities were compared with those of Bobby Dodd and Bear Bryant; the major had called him Valdosta's "No. 1 citizen." Dynamite Goodloe said he was the No. 1 deterrent to juvenile delinquency. Wright did not allow his players to drink or smoke. One who did smoke was kicked off the team and a few days later came to Bazemore in tears. His father would not let him eat with the rest of the family, he said, and had bawled him to his room every night after supper. "Coach," said the boy, "I'll kill myself if you don't take me back."

Every game was a sellout in a stadium that has 12,000 seats. The only way to wrest a season ticket from a regular was to get it willed to you. Parents who had moved away brought their kids back to town when they were of age for football. And athletes who had moved away hid their cigarettes and came around to see Wright Bazemore before visiting mama and papa. A New York company chartered a plane to bring alumni home to see the games on Friday night. A boy in the Air Force had his mother send tape recordings of game broadcasts.

Bazemore's personal needs, meanwhile, were being tak-

en care of by a flexible school and salary policy, and he obliged by not turning his head to college offers. He was rewarded for his fidelity in still other ways: a new Buick, and a camper, and a trailer, and a color television set and a boat. And there was always somebody who would fix his TV for free, or bring around some avocados.

"This is a very good place to coach," said Wright Bazemore.

"Because of him, Valdosta is a better place to live," said Dynamite Goodloe.

"Here we believe in football," said Wright Bazemore.

And then, just as we were about to call it a night, Mrs. Bazemore said something that I have not yet forgotten. Nor have I decided exactly what conclusions to draw, if any. My feelings then and now are ambivalent. I was sitting there in the glow of Wright Bazemore's great success, convinced that at last I had found the high-school coach who was not only worth his salt but was getting it, too, when Mrs. Bazemore said what a blow it had been to be tied in the championship game last year.

The team had won 12 straight, and then was tied 26-26, by Athens, Ga., and, she said, "all Wright could do afterward was go around saying to people, 'I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry,' as if he'd lost. As if he'd failed. Just 'I'm sorry, I'm sorry.' I felt so bad for him."

Having experienced Wright Bazemore, I felt, on Sunday morning in Valdosta, Ga., the need to be better myself. Perhaps if I were a smoker I would have given up smoking. Instead I poked out the biggest, oldest Baptist church in town, a high-ceilinged, stained-glassed, sand-colored edifice in which the pipes of the organ stretched across the choir area like a glistening row of super baseball bats.

I was ushered in, just behind a little black girl in pigtails and the whitest ruffles I had ever seen, to a seat—the church was packed—between a woman and her children and an old lady in a blue-feathered hat.

"How nice to see you again," said the blue-feathered hat. "Very glad you could come, and"—looking at the woman and children next to me—"try what a lovely family you have." She was still talking to me when the music started, and I felt so good I belted out the first hymn with stunning vibrato.

The preacher wore a modified crew cut, and his delivery was bloated with pro-mun-cia-tion and vivid symbolism. "... A gold mine waiting to be ex-ca-va-ted by some prospector. . . ." It wasn't long before an opaque look came over the eyes of the choir. My personal objection to the sermon was that it could have been delivered anywhere—the Lions Club, the B'nai B'rith—without offending anybody. It lacked the ecclesiastical wallop I had hoped to find in the Bible Belt, and left me strangely unpurged.

I got out as quickly as possible and searched Valdosta's streets until I found myself a Burger King and ordered a double hamburger. Heavy on the onions. END

# DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



## RICK GRIGG

HOME: La Jolla, California

AGE: 32

PROFESSION: Marine Ecologist.

HOBBIES: Surfing champion, scuba diving, photography, writing.

LAST BOOK READ: "Famine—1975."

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Ph. D. thesis on the population dynamics of marine organisms.

QUOTE: "People don't think you can pollute oceans because they're so big. Well, the sky was big too. Oceans will be used more and more for food and I want to make sure they're used carefully. They're the last unspoiled resource we have."

PROFILE: Committed. Impatient. A realist, determined to apply his knowledge to today's problems.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label."



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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## FOREIGN FOOTBALL

Sirs:

All honors to Tex Maule for one of the best articles on British football written by an American (*Chelsea Almost Won the Cup*, April 20). However, judging by the facts that Leeds goalkeeper Gary Sprake was injured on the Wednesday after the Final and that another Chelsea star, 18-year-old "child prodigy" Alan Hudson, will play in the replay after missing the Final, Revie and Cocker would be best off coming to the replay without any wardrobe at all.

Despite your fine look at the foreign football fanatic, there was a major fact missing. Although Chelsea has never triumphed in the Cup, despite two Final appearances, it was overlooked that Leeds has never won the prize either. And though Chelsea's background is more appealing than that of Leeds (where the leaves are black from industrial waste, as a French writer puts it) Revie's club was a joke in the early '60s. I was also rather surprised to see that there was an interview with a pensioner but no mention of the popular Chelsea nickname, The Pensioners.

Nevertheless, I'm glad to see that this game of Association football, the most intriguing in the world, has gotten a good write-up by a "native." I hope there will be a sequel.

CHRISTOPHER DAVIS

New York City

## HAIR

Sirs:

Jerry Kirshenbaum's article on the House of David baseball team (*The Hairiest Team of All*, April 13) recalled for me a forgotten era when baseball was unchallenged as America's No. 1 sport. The man who booked the House of David was Nat Strong, who maintained an office in the Pulitzer Building, home of the old New York *World* at lower Manhattan. Semipro ball in the metropolitan area drew large crowds, even though the fans had the Giants, Yankees and Dodgers in their backyards and over at Jersey City and Newark they had the International League clubs.

The House of David was under contract to Strong, who matched them with the leading semipro clubs that played twilight ball on Wednesdays, on Saturdays and on Sunday afternoons as well as Sunday mornings. The home clubs had to guarantee 40% of the total gate with a minimum of \$450. It was rumored that Strong paid the players after every game out of the total receipts.

Semipro ball in those days was on a par with the minor leagues. Most of the players were capable of playing in the mi-

nor but were better off keeping their jobs and playing weekends. The caliber of baseball was so good that many went directly to the big leagues. Spect Topower of the Cardinals, Herbert Thornahlen of the Yankees, Frankie Frisch of the Giants and Milton Gaston of the Yankees all went directly into the majors.

Again many thanks to Jerry Kirshenbaum for a very fine article.

BEN ROBINSON

West Hartford, Conn.

Sirs:

I was certainly interested in the story about the House of David. The reason is that in Florida in 1931 my mother took a picture of me and the Babe the day he wore the whiskers. I thought you might be interested to see it.

WILLIAM G. HAGER

Look Haven, Pa.



THE DAY THE BABE WORE WHISKERS

## SLAMMING SAM

Sirs:

In his splendidly written story of the 1970 Masters (*All Years, Billy Boy*, April 20), Dan Jenkins stated that Takaaki Kono, in the second round, tied for the day's low with a 68 "despite his pairing with Sam Snead and the tracks Snead made through Kono's putting lines on the greens." This is an old trick of Snead's, it seems. I first observed him doing it to annoy Ralph Guldahl in a tournament some years ago. The gallery, of which I was one, finally made quite a fuss about it and he eventually ceased doing it.

While there is no expressed rule in golf prohibiting such actions by a player, nevertheless it is a despicable trick and most

unsportsmanlike, to say the least, and should be beneath Snead's dignity.

RODRICK D. CAMERON

San Diego

Sirs:

Put Ryan's article on the Greater Greensboro Open (*Golf, Ruffles and Floristries*, April 13) was a writing classic. Her capture of Sam Snead's personality and the details of Arnie's visit to the White House had me chuckling throughout.

LEON M. NELSON JR.

Cincinnati

## UNCKOWNED KING

Sirs:

Larry Evans' interesting report of the recent meeting of the 10 best Russian chess players against 10 of the best from the world at large (*The Rest of the World Sort of Strikes Back*, April 20) served to demonstrate anew the preeminent place of Russia in the world of chess—even though the result was a near tie. But the meeting also served to reaffirm the existence of our Bobby Fischer in that world, and to emphasize his position as a potential world champion. However, the present qualifying system is so weighted in favor of the Russians, due both to numbers and ability, as to make it almost impossible for a non-Russian to qualify. So perhaps a title match could be arranged between the next world champion and Bobby Fischer, a match that could conceivably be an outstanding event in the chess world.

G. M. W. KOHN

New York City

## WAILS

Sirs:

In your article of April 13 entitled *The Sun Dole's Rise During* we again heard the wail of gymnastics coaches about our failure against foreign competition. I am sure there are many who agree with me: let's cut out the grating and get down to a constructive program. We hear this same story after the Olympic Games and other international meets and it is always followed by a "total commitment to change" which never takes place.

I believe that Yoshio Hayasaka of Japan hit the nerve when he made statements about the lack of dedication on the part of the gymnasts but I, for one, don't believe it is their fault. What do we have to offer the individual gymnast other than a program at high school of approximately four months or a college program of about six months? During the summer there is no meet for the gymnast to compete in which would en-

continued



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## 19TH HOLE *continued*

courage him to be dedicated the year round. The exceptions are the gymnastics meet on the Fourth of July and the Santa Monica (Calif.) Gymfest on Labor Day, which is open to all comers and sponsored by *The Modern Gymnast Magazine*. This is fine, but how many boys and girls can get to Southern California?

It was stated that there are not enough scholarships given to gymnasts in college, but the emphasis in most college athletic scholarship programs is on winning teams in the major sports. One school that does have an outstanding gym program is San Fernando Valley State College in Northridge, Calif., which has turned out such outstanding stars as Richard Grieco, Rusty Rock and Bob Diamond. There the gym team is the winning team.

CHARLES P. SULLIVAN

Houston

## HUMAN OF THE YEAR

Sirs:

The recent death of Maurice Sticks brings to mind the thought that there should be a special award for men like Jack Twyman. Twyman has shown America what the word brotherhood means. For 12 years he did all that was humanly possible to insure Maurice Sticks' well-being with the barest minimum of fanfare. My vote goes to Jack Twyman for Sportman of the Year.

ROBERT J. MORTARELLI

Natick, Mass.

Sirs:

There should be some type of award for Jack Twyman—not because he needs it, but because we need it. We need to realize that there are sportsmen like Twyman, even though admittedly few in number, at a time when professional sports are increasingly concerned with million-dollar contracts and deals of all sorts designed to turn a profit. Twyman represents the ideal in human values.

MARSHALL H. KUHN

San Francisco

## GRASS ROOTS

Sirs:

Your April 6 issue offers insight into two of my favorite recreational activities, tennis and squash. Dr. DeNoord's defense of the game (19TH HOLE) to the contrary, squash apparently has snob appeal at the national level. To wit: my experience in New York City in March 1967. I read in the *Sunday Times* that a national squash tourney was being held at an East Side club. I went there around noon expecting to view the finals. A uniformed attendant at the front desk stopped me and said only members and guests were to be admitted. I told him of my great interest in squash, of having won an area tournament, however insignif-

*continued*



A Sports Illustrated Presentation

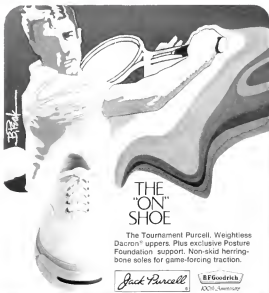
# Once Before I Die

Filmed for Sports Illustrated by Michael Wadleigh

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nificant, the week before, and of having served as our club president, but this cut me out. He told me to leave. So I crossed town to the more democratic Garden to catch the Knicks and 76ers.

Your tennis article of *obsession in the Back-  
court* also hit home. The USLTA does absolutely nothing at the grass roots—if you so define our outpost in far northwest Wisconsin. I had been a card-carrying USLTA member for years and even enrolled my son a week after his birth. The fee kept climbing, apparently to feed the appetites of USLTA tournament promoters and officials rather than to foster a broad-based amateur program. So last year the renewal letter went into the wastebasket. I wrote to the USLTA last year outlining our club program (we serve 96 players, including 74 of college age or younger in an area of 15,000 population, with almost all expenses borne by the adults) and asked what the USLTA might do to bolster our efforts. I neither expected nor received a reply.

The quality of play in our squash and tennis programs is low key, as evidenced by frequent double-byes by teams and players from more sophisticated clubs from far larger communities. We are pleased, however, with the degree of involvement. We derive satisfaction from watching grade and high school age boys and girls chase a rubber ball on the squash court or watch a tennis ball and travel to other cities, meeting other young people and generally having a heck of a good time.

To us, this is grass-roots squash and tennis, and we get along fine, thank you, without the snobishness of the Eastern squash Establishment and the greedy USLTA.

GEORGE H. SCHMIDT

Washburn, Wis.

### SEEDS OF DIMENSION

Sue:

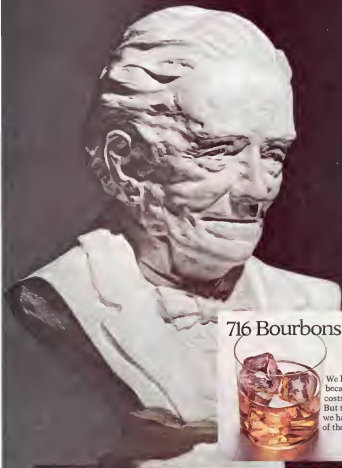
I am compelled by my deep respect for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* to answer a letter written (1976 Hoot), March 30) by the officers of the AAU (Amateur Athletic Union) which claims jurisdiction over "all types of mutilations of any of the various fruits and vegetables commonly used in amateur competition," that it could be encroaching on the rights and jurisdictions of the ABA (American Berry Amateurs), the NBA (National Banana Assassins), the IOC and USOC (International and U.S. Orange Crushers), the NHL (Nihilists of Hulled Legumes) and the USLTA (United Smashers of Lemons, Tomatoes and Artichokes).

DOUGLAS HANDBORN

San Diego

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